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LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS

Volume CCXXXI No. 3013 The SPHERE, London, December 28, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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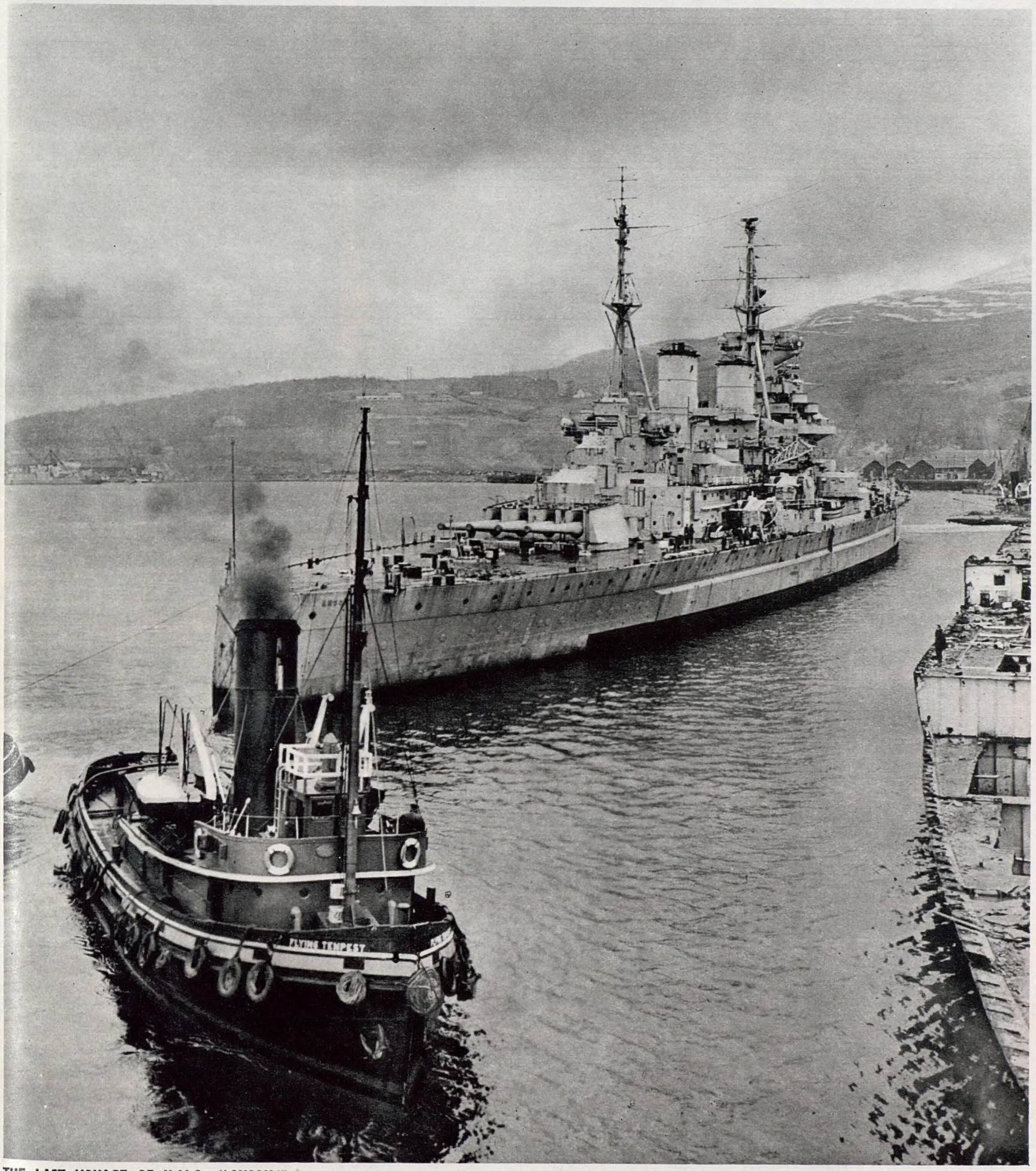

THE LAST VOYAGE OF H.M.S. "ANSON"—THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BATTLESHIP IS BERTHED AT FASLANE, ON THE GARE LOCH, WHERE SHE WILL BE BROKEN UP: She is one of the four battleships of the King George V class which are all being scrapped in accordance with the decision announced in the 1957-58 Navy Estimates. The 35,000-ton H.M.S *Anson* is the first of the four to go to the breakers' yard. On the right is the old liner *Otranto*, which is also being broken up.

In the modern Navy it has been decided that there is now no further requirement for the battleship as such. The accent is now on smaller and faster vessels as well as guided-weapon ships and aircraft carriers. When the current Navy Estimates were announced earlier this year it was officially stated that the four battleships of the King George V class, which had been laid up in a state of preservation for some time, were to be scrapped. This decision meant that the only remaining battleship of Britain's Royal Navy would be H.M.S. *Vanguard*, which is also in reserve. She is in a state of preservation at Portsmouth and is being used as an accommodation ship.

The first of the four "K.G.V."-class ships to go to the breakers' yard was H.M.S. *Anson*. Like her sister-ship *Duke of York*, she has been allocated to Shipbreaking Industries Ltd., a subsidiary of the Metal Industries Group, and is being broken up at Faslane, on the Gare Loch, an inlet of the River Clyde. The other three ships are expected to follow to the breakers' yard within the next few weeks. All four battleships, which have a standard displacement of 35,000 tons, were laid down in 1937. The first to be completed was the *King George V* in December 1940. The other ship of the same class is H.M.S. *Howe* which, like *Anson*, was also completed in 1942.

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FRENCH EAGLE HANDED OVER TO THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS: Sir Cameron Nicholson, Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea (centre), reads a speech as men of the Royal Welch Fusiliers wait to take over a French Eagle which was captured by the Regiment at Martinique in 1809. The Eagle had been in safe keeping at the hospital and during the handing-over ceremony it was accepted by General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Colonel of the Regiment.

CANADIAN TRADE MISSION DELEGATES DINE AT THE MANSION HOU Minister of Trade and Commerce and leader of the mission; Canadian High Commissioner; and Mr. J. S. Duncan, Chairm held to mark the conclusion of a three-week visit to Brita

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

A Happy New Year.—Here 's hoping. Hope is tax free. It is about the last surviving freedom which dictators cannot take away nor parliaments fetter even while they glorify. Hope of better things in 1958 may look as rank an outsider as any that has run in recent New Year Stakes. But you never know. Usually some fellow-passenger thinks he sees a gleam of light at the end of the long tunnel during our year-end journey into the unknown. And there may be fellow-travellers to-day with keener sight and finer faith than mine. Certainly " the mixture as before " won't do for us. The pudding of 1957 had too few plums in it and too much tartaric acid. The dough did not rise, the pastry was far from light. If you in the kitchen offer us such another, we reply in the words of the Victorian workhouse men: " We don't want your Christmas pudding, you can stuff it up . . . the chimney." What can we hope to see in 1958 ? Bigger and better bombs and missiles ? More satellites circling the earth to the glory of God and man ? More launching sites and bomb factories on England's green and pleasant land ? Strikes and lock-outs, riots and rebellions, international conferences and optimistic reports of business done ? Perhaps. For what good news down our street may we confidently wait ? Relief from taxation, relief from rates, a point-fall in the cost of living ? We must not set our hopes too high, of course, but already we have grounds for optimism. From January, at any rate, we shall be able to exchange " grouses " with our neighbours at 3d. a telephone call and no rigid rules about time-cuts. *Sursum corda.* The immediate future, and indeed the present, hold plenty of matters, hopeful, constructive and of good report which *could* bring us comfort if only we could persuade ourselves that they make a news-story. At the moment bad news alone interests us.

Living in Two Worlds.—Every journalist must feel a sense of trusteeship towards his readers, whether few or many. Whether he can rely on a chain of special correspondents spread over the world's face, probing into the motives and aspirations of a score of tempestuous nations, or whether he must rely on the conclusions and information supplied by sober journals which employ such agents, he always tries to present a balanced, impartial picture of the scenes and settings and events, basing his conclusions only on evidence which would be acceptable in the High Court. It is not easy to do so, but in the past few, fearful years I have usually submitted myself and my jottings to some such critical examination with the coming of a New Year—and it is never more desirable to do so than for January 1958. What emerges is a doubt as to the utility of the despatches sent in by special investigators on the spot. Journalists, like statesmen, always seek to escape the charge of inconsistency. In these tempestuous days it is borne in on me that all of us live in two worlds, a " permanent " world in which little things matter as well as big, and a crater-edge existence in which it is quite absurd to worry about trifles. Why worry to replace a tile or buy a new pair of goloshes if to-morrow or next year civilisation is going up in one vast explosion ? Such " double-living " implies constant inconsistency and perhaps justifies Mr. Grimond's charge against the Tory Government that in this fearful situation it wastes time in " tinkering with the House of Lords." An amusing instance of such inconsistency (throwing doubt on the value of " straight-from-the-stable " despatches) came to me in an invitation to subscribe to one of those " newsletters " which rely on correspondents in many lands and seats of trouble. Their combined discoveries in this instance pointed unmistakably to the coming almost any day of an explosion which must wreck civilisation, unless Heaven intervened with a miracle of religious conversion unparalleled in history, changing in a night the hearts of men and the blindness of their political leaders. But on the same page of this Newsletter came the advice to British investors not to put capital into British Guiana until Jagan is removed; if they do so, on the long term *they will live to regret it.* There is some inconsistency here!

Inconsistency.—Here, once again, comes a Christmas message of " sweet reasonableness " from Russia. Mr. Bulganin's letters to Western Governments (if you discount the clumsiness of its timing on the eve the NATO Conference and the customary insertion charges and threats and insults concerning the determin tion of the West to bring nuclear war to a head) could read by the hopeful as offering a real chance for a " summ conference " which might lead to " peaceful coexistence and a beginning of the end of crater-edge existence f humanity. That achieved, there would be no inconsistenc in replacing a tile or reforming our House of Lords. Litt things and big would once more reasonably comprise t interests and preoccupations of our days. But what c Western statesmen decide to do about it ? With the bitter experience of the past year since Stalinism was sa to be liquidated, can we expect them to accept the swe reasonableness of peaceful coexistence and at the NAT Conference abandon the latest nostrum of " Weste interdependence " ? How simple it sounds to sign big-three pact to outlaw the use of nuclear weapons, abandon nuclear experiments and dump stock-piles the sea, if pacts between nations were sacred and if Russia and American deserts were as easily pin-pointed by camera as Wimbledon Common. How easily on paper coul Russia, America and Britain " settle " the Near-Easter imbroglio by peaceful means, by their sheer weight authority and numbers combined, if only all three Gover ments admitted " interdependence " and if no self-interes or question of sovereignty interfered with the suprem ideal of " peaceful coexistence," and no fear could exi that the signatures to the pact might be dishonoure These doubts, alas! exist on both sides. I declare wh

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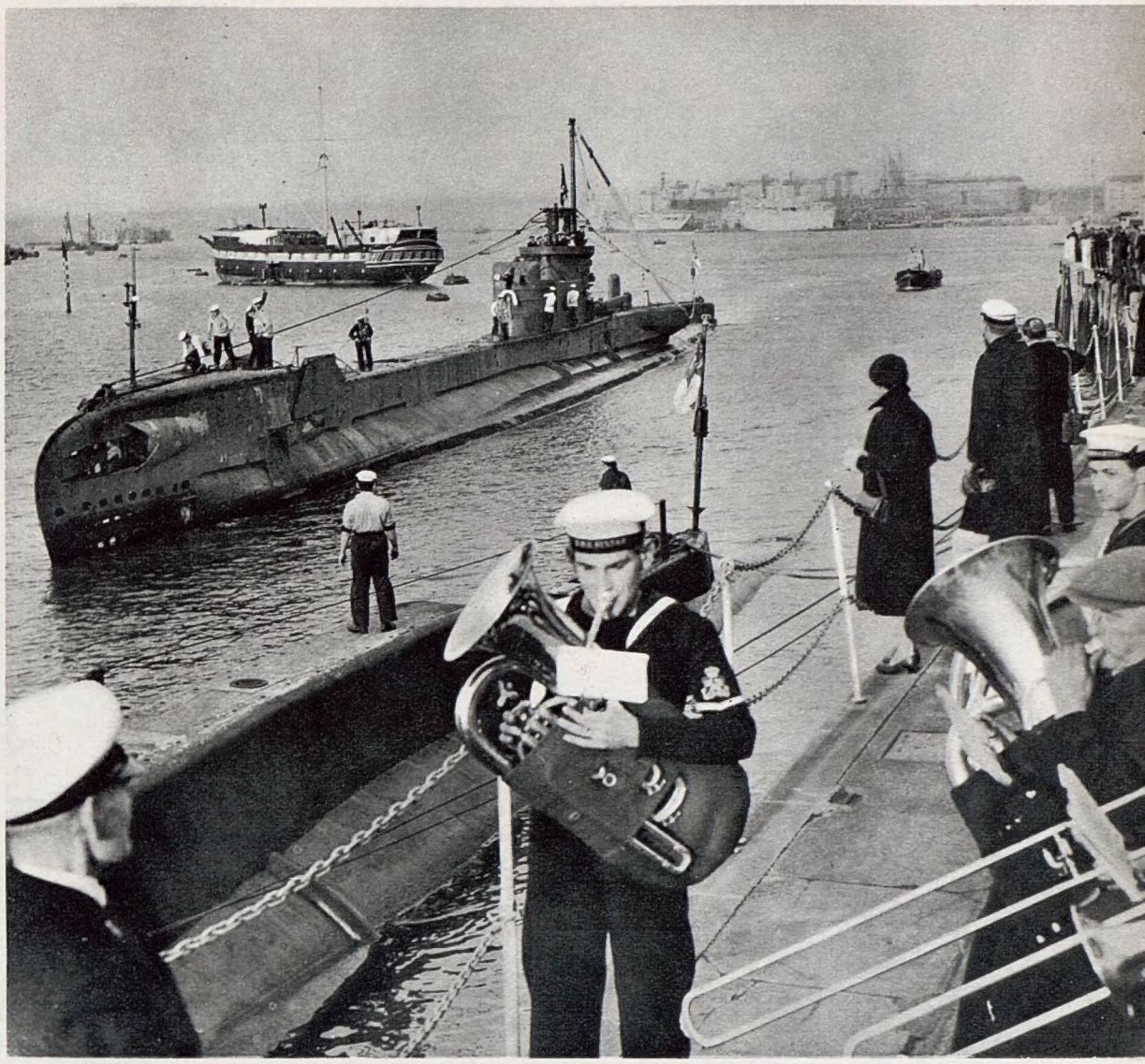
ted at the table, left to right, are Mr. Gordon Churchill, Canadian
d Mayor, Alderman Sir Denis Truscott; Mr. George Drew, the
the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. The dinner was
ustrial centres by the Mission, which comprised fifty-seven members.



BACK IN BRITAIN AFTER VOYAGING AROUND THE WORLD IN 2,791 DAYS: The 1,090-ton submarine H.M.S. *Thorough*, the first submarine to sail round the world, is "played in" by the submarine band as she docks at Portsmouth after serving overseas for eight years. *Thorough* left Portsmouth for Sydney in 1949 and since then has sailed 126,021 miles. Now she is to be scrapped. Behind her, on the left, is H.M.S. *Foudroyant*, the training vessel.

y policy would be if I were Premier, I should take a arful risk with my countrymen and have no more to do ith nuclear experiment and production in the sphere of ar, refuse to grant bases on British soil and give a nilateral lead to greater Powers to follow suit within a ear. Who can be sure that that superb gesture might not ring about that intervention of Heaven with the miracle at alone can save humanity? And if it doesn't, what 's e odds? We are doomed anyway, whoever "wins." shall never be Premier, but 90 per cent. of the human race ould applaud my gesture. It is a remarkable and a ire conviction.

NATO.—The news that Mr. Eisenhower had arrived in aris for the important NATO meeting was for me a *credo uia impossibile*. Accepting the great advances of medical cience, I still cannot believe that his doctors sanctioned uch a mission so soon after his rally from so serious a reakdown. The decision to risk his life must have been is alone, and if, as we believe, his presence at the neeting might have proved vital to its success, that decision nust be judged as an act of signal greatness and selfless ervice. It may have been NATO's last chance. And or NATO "something new" is absolutely vital. The ew watchword is *interdependence* and clearly that ord covers political no less than military matters. To ool and standardise weapons of war is the first con- ideration of NATO's army chiefs. But the welding and trengthening of an instrument of defence has of late been nade much more difficult by political and national disputes nd suspicions among the Allies. Recent instances include German defence costs, Cyprus, arms to Tunisia. With hese the NATO council, as it stands, cannot hope to deal dequately. They cannot be disposed of until all the NATO nations accept political interdependence in lieu f independence, and begin at last to accept regular con- ultations on political matters and overseas policies, with view to reaching agreement on the basis that what oncerns one concerns all. NATO's chief task is still nilitary. The alliance has other organisations which were et up to deal with economic problems and so forth. nevitably the organisations overlap. The military prob- ems are essentially economic, involving as they do defence udgets, and the selection of sites for every kind of defence nstallation, and contributions thereto. The NATO ouncil cannot dispose of all these controversial matters lone, but NATO is the subject of the Paris meeting and he first step to its success must be seen in a common greement that the danger is real, that the deterrent must e made *workable*, and to that end every nation must acrifice a great deal more of sovereignty and national spirations, and, according to individual resources, stump p without nice accountancy and toe the common line without reservations. One premise at least is accepted without question: the danger is real. If the deterrent is not instantly available, national aspirations and individual sovereignty cease to have any meaning, and nuclear doubts will vanish into thin air with a monstrous bang. At the best of it, a "perfect" NATO can be but a temporary expedient. Annihilation waits at the end of the road for all humanity if nuclear control is not soon achieved. In these circumstances is it possible that Bulganin's latest proposals will be scouted as unworthy of one more effort?

Recruiting—Cart Before Horse.—Lord Mancroft before Christmas warned the young Conservatives (and presumably young Socialists and Liberals were intended to hear him) that conscription or National Service will have to be reintroduced, if recruitment to the Regular Army does not improve. Young men, he said, dislike discipline, a fact which is self-evident all over the world. They lack "the spirit of adventure," which is not so self-evident to judge by the work of rescue necessary for amateur climbers and pot-holers and other dangerous adventurers. Poor living conditions in barracks are another cause. Why should people with decent homes go to live in wet, draughty barracks? Why should they risk sudden orders (so familiar in the army) to break up their family life and move elsewhere? But, above all, men will not join up if they are subjected to *unreasonable* discipline. It is difficult to be sure which brief Lord Mancroft accepted. Was he justifying the laggards or prosecuting them on the Defence Ministry's ticket? What he said was not a very enthusiastic stimulus to recruitment, and the "reluctant (Regular Army) débutante" might fairly reply: why must I sacrifice myself to save my civvy contemporaries from call-up or National Service and their attendant discomforts? In any case, he seemed to be putting the cart before the horse. The time for a successful recruiting drive must come when the avenues have been explored and more steps taken to make army life less unattractive and I hope that special attention may be given to a strict definition of "reasonable discipline." A small regular army that "dislikes discipline" is unlikely to satisfy NATO or our Commonwealth commitments.

Queen's Bounty.—I append a tardy note on a small news item which interested and amused me when it appeared in the Press, but was held back by more pressing matters: the Queen's bounty of a "quid-a-nob" for triplets and quadruplets is to be discontinued. This bounty was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1849, in which hungry decade a Sovereign could bestow and a sovereign buy a lot of comforts. The inquisitive are not to infer from this decision either an economy move by the Court or a gesture of discouragement of triplet-bearing. It is, statistically, 8,000 to 1 against a woman bearing triplets, and if she does, she can't be blamed. In the course of this and the last reign the bounties have cost the Sovereign around £4,500. To-day £3—still a welcome and prized gift—don't go far in nurturing triplets and represent a very small fraction of the benefits which accrue from the Welfare State for those who bring off successfully multiple births of British subjects born in or out of wedlock. Since 1938 no "means test" had conditioned the bounty. A telegram or message of congratulation from the Queen, if still cheaper to send, will be much longer prized and certainly displayed in most households that receive it. It is a sensible decision, and one which will not upset the statistics of multiple births.

Worse Places Than England.—Here 's a fact to comfort us in the New Year, or all of us who don't make goloshes and waterproofs. Debundscha (Southern Cameroons) has reported 508 ins. of rain in the first ten months of 1957 and must be well on the way to 600. This record knocks Cherrapungi (Assam) sideways, for its mean annual rainfall is little more than 450 ins., though it has given it the title of the world's wettest place. Pembroke or Cumberland occasionally achieve a tenth part of Debundscha's record and cry havoc, but we in west Sussex very seldom reach 36 ins. and in a quarter-century have only twice enjoyed 40 ins. Southern England is not what it was. Some say it is more comfortable, few can say it is more picturesque. Subtopia stands for progress and civilisation, in which taste and beauty are not included. But we can still count our blessings after hearing the news out of Debundscha and thank our stars that (so far as we know) our planners cannot or do not intend to provide our increasing population with more ample water supplies direct from the clouds. Indirectly, of course, they depend on the clouds for piped water, but for the moment 36 ins. of rain a year are all we need, and one pair of rubber boots and a single water-proof suffice.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY NUMBER

Special Section Covering Resorts and Tours and Including a Travel Diary and Information

AT THE CIRCUS

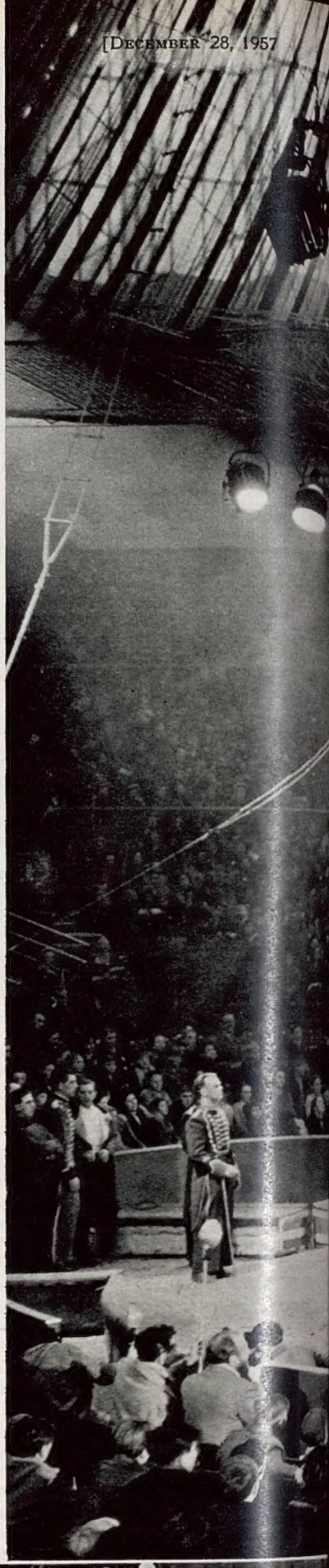
The Bertram Mills Annual Show in London

The essence of a successful circus is the mixture of tried and traditional favourites with new and original turns. As usual, this is amply demonstrated at Bertram Mills Circus, which was opened last week at Olympia by the Lord Mayor of London. For instance, among the familiar and ever-popular performers are Coco and his company of clowns. For some years now they have employed water in their act, and this year water continues to flow over unsuspecting heads and bodies—to the side-splitting delight of the children in the audience.

A number of turns are seen for the first time at this circus. Among them are three very spectacular troupes of acrobats from the Budapest State Circus—the Seven Sabos, the Six Biros and the Three Szogi. Another newcomer is Fred Cordon with his cowboy family. He fully deserves the title of "King of the Whip," for he handles this instrument and his ropes with a magical touch. At one point, with mere flicks of his whip, he almost entirely undresses a girl without touching her skin. Animals, of course, appear frequently: ballet-dancing elephants, "Liberty" horses from Copenhagen, tigers and, rivalling the clowns in their sense of humour, Stephenson's Dogs.

PERFORMERS FROM HUNGARY MAKE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN A LONDON CIRCUS: Five members of the Six Biros engage in acrobatics at the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. They are one of the four acts from Hungarian Circuses which have been brought to London for what is now the annual institution produced by the Mills brothers. The Biros combine the strength and agility of acrobats with the skill of jugglers and in one of their turns they juggle with a human being—a blonde young woman of about twenty years of age. The other Hungarian acts in the circus are the Seven Sabos, the Three Szogi and the Three Peters.

TRIED FAVOURITES: The clowns make one of their several appearances. In recent years much mutual distribution of water on various parts of the bodies of the performers has made the acts by the clowns even more popular.



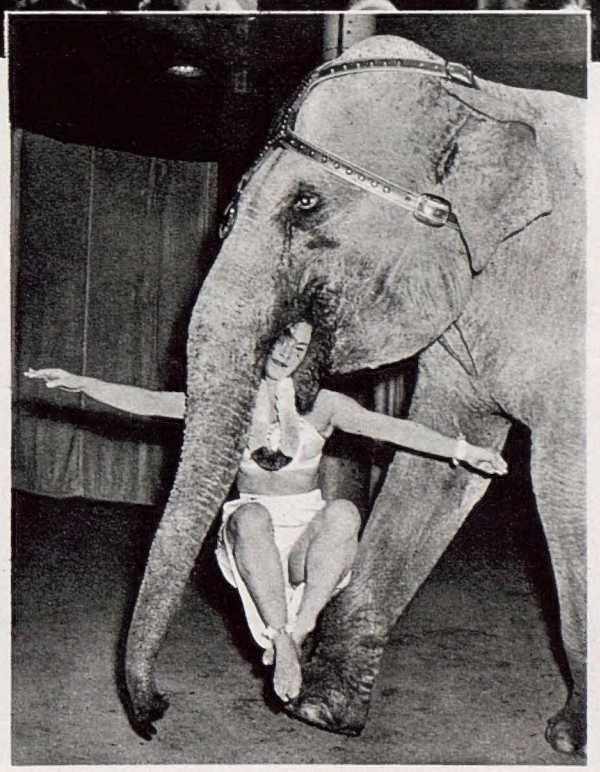
DOGS AND A HORSE: Two of the dogs in Stephenson's Dog Act jump on to the back of a trotting horse. The Stephensons are a British family who have been circus artistes for four generations. They are well known in circuses on the Continent as well as in rings in Britain.

THE "LIBERTY HORSES" FROM COPENHAGEN: The animals show their skill in the a presented by Albert and Paulina Schumann. Patience and a long family traditio in circuses are the secret of the success of the Schumanns from Denmark's capita

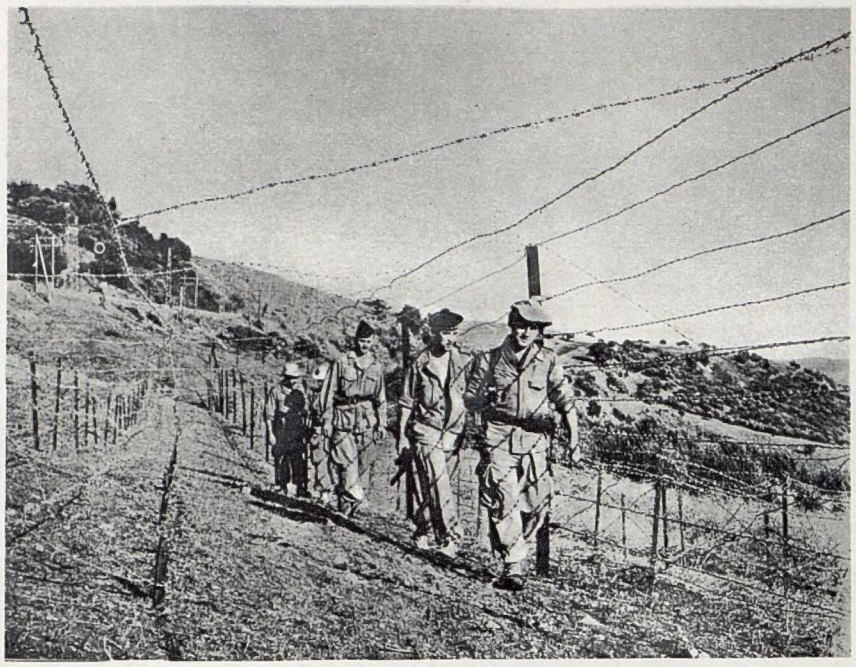
ELEPHANT BALLET IS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: The human performers are on the backs of two elephantine prima ballerinas. This act is presented by Doreen Duggan, who has recently returned to Britain from a successful tour of Scandinavian countries. Three other girls take part in the ballet. *On right* — Rita Veale is carried round the arena in the mouth of an elephant during the ballet. She is aged eighteen and comes from Northolt, in Middlesex. All the four girls in the troupe are British.

On left—

A UNIQUE COWBOY ACT: The Cordons are regarded as cowboy performers without parallel. Among their turns, Fred Cordon, the senior member, strips a girl almost naked with the lash of a 20-ft. whip, without ever touching her skin. The "Master Cowboy of all time" also does many remarkable tricks with ropes.



THE NEWS IN PICTURES



AN ELECTRIFIED FENCE ON THE ALGERIAN-TUNISIAN BORDER : A French patrol makes its way between the strands of wire which are electrified with a powerful current and run along the frontier for some 200 miles. The purpose of the fence is to prevent forays by sympathisers with the Algerian Nationalists and stop the smuggling of arms.

A CHECK FOR THE ALGERIAN REBELS : The fence, which is several feet in width, is seen during its erection. It took three months to build this protective electrified barbed-wire entanglement along the 200-mile stretch of the Algerian-Tunisian frontier. According to French reports, border raiders have been killed on the fence.

A DIPLOMATIC CEREMONY IN THE MIDDLE EAST : Hr. A. Sjolin (right), the new Swedish Minister, presents his credentials to King Hussein of Jordan in the Royal Palace at Amman. The Minister is also his country's diplomatic representative in Lebanon and Syria. His post covers an area of considerable contrast. Jordan receives military aid from America, Syria is associated with Russia in the military and economic spheres, and Lebanon proclaims "neutrality."

KING HUSSEIN SPEAKS TO HIS PEOPLE : The ruler of Jordan addresses the citizens of Nablus during a visit to the town near the Israeli border. The main attention of all Middle East countries last week was being given to the NATO Council Meeting in Paris, where it was understood that among other matters on the agenda was consideration of the possibility of settling the Palestine problem. A solution might require alterations in the borders of Jordan.

On left—

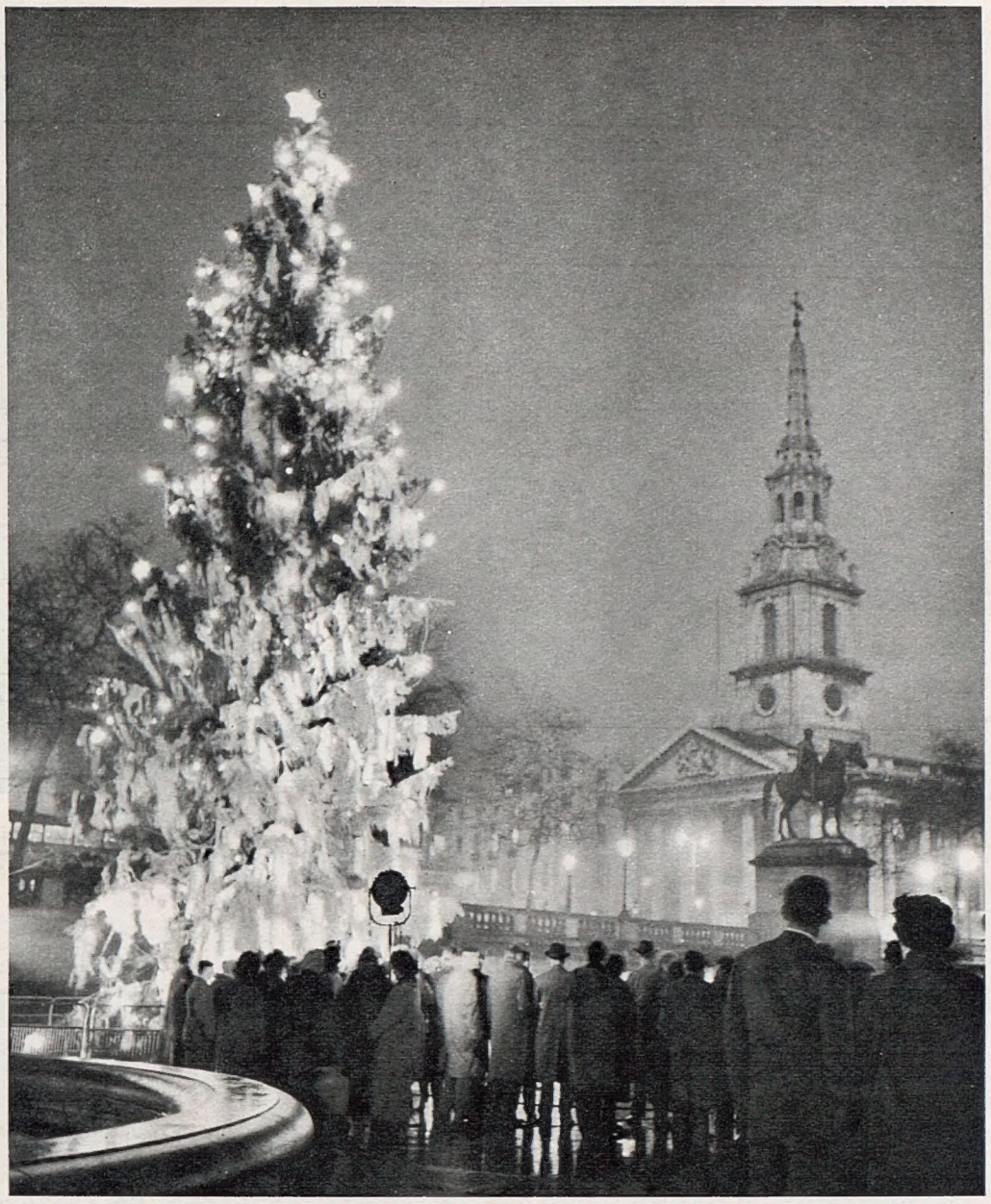
"I AM STILL HERE": Dr. Soekarno, the President of Indonesia, makes a statement to the Press in Djakarta denying reports that he had been ousted from office by a military *coup d'etat*. He said: "Rumours from Amsterdam that I am ousted? I am still here. I am at present presiding over the eighth session of the National Council. I think Amsterdam is full of wishful thinking." He went on to add: "Now you see I am happy and gay," but he refused to answer questions. On the same day an Indonesian Government spokesman declared that they had "become used to such false, sensational reports" as those circulated regarding the President's removal. A senior military officer stated that strong action would be taken against the sources from which they emanated. (Further pictures from Indonesia are on page 508.)

AN ASSURANCE TO BRITAIN : Dr. Sunario, the Indonesian Ambassador, addresses a Press conference in London. He said that recent events in Indonesia had been misreported in the West. There was no chaos and the future of British enterprises was fully guaranteed. He also spoke about the Indonesian claim for an extension of territorial waters "to suppress smuggling and piracy."

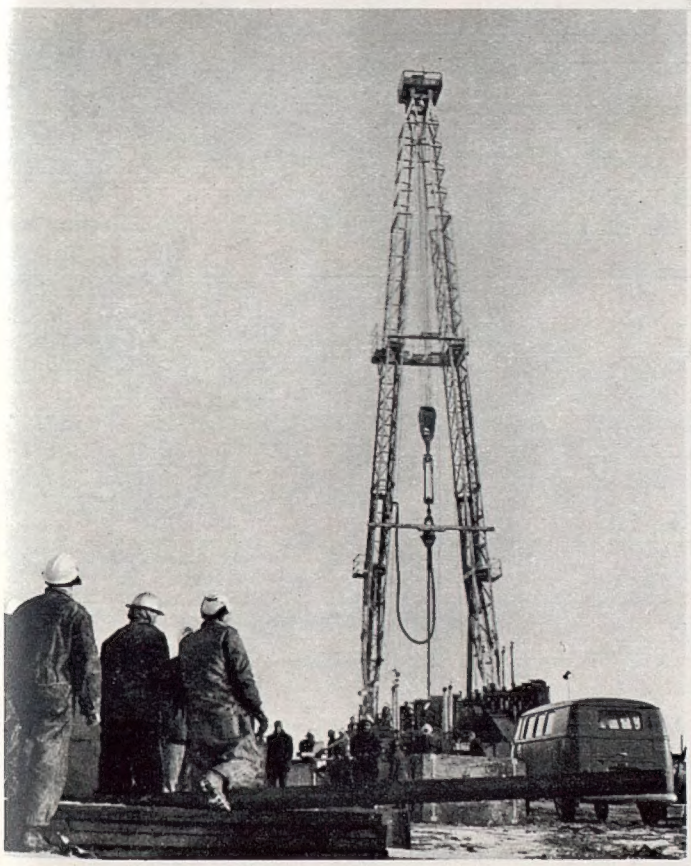
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR THE AGA KHAN : He arrives at a hotel in London with his mother, Princess Joan. About 100 guests dined with him at tables lit with candles in a room overlooking the Thames. Among those present was his father, Aly Khan. According to a spokesman for the Aga Khan, the party was essentially a family affair. The Aga Khan is head of the Ismailia sect of Muslims who come of age at sixteen. Thus a twenty-first birthday party has no special significance for Muslims.

STRANDED IN THE SNOW ON THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND : Long lines of vehicles stretch across Beattock Summit, in Dumfriesshire, on the Glasgow-Carlisle road. Heavy snow had caused many cars and lorries to be abandoned, and some of them had been ditched. Gangs of men worked through one night to clear the drifts. When traffic had restarted its progress was very slow because of the abandoned and ditched vehicles which still blocked the route.



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : With its illuminations it is, as usual, one of the great attractions in Central London during the festive season. A tree in the Square has for some years been an annual gift from the people of Oslo to the people of London. The Norwegian Ambassador and the Mayor of Westminster last week pressed the switches to turn on the lights on the tree.



SEARCH FOR OIL IN DENMARK : Oilmen arrive to start work at a derrick erected in Western Jutland. This is the first of a new series of oil drillings being undertaken in Denmark by a Danish-American prospecting company. The derrick is 150 ft. high and is capable of drilling to nearly 10,000 ft. below ground. It is hoped that oil-bearing strata may be reached in two months.

THE REBUILDING OF THE 100-YEAR-OLD COMBERMERE BARRACKS AT WINDSOR : Mr. John Hare, Secretary of State for War, raises his hand to give the signal for a tractor to pull down the wall of an old building. This action inaugurated the final phase of the rebuilding of the barracks, which were opened by Queen Victoria in 1857. The programme of rebuilding operations at the barracks, started in 1954, is expected to be finished in 1964. There are plans for the rebuilding of other barracks. Mr. Hare was accompanied on his visit to Windsor by Field Marshal Sir John Harding.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ACCIDENTS AT FOOTBALL MATCHES IN ITALY AND SCOTLAND: *Left*—Spectators move in all directions as an iron railing on an upper tier collapses at a sports stadium in Florence during a Soccer match. Many people were injured. It is believed that the accident was caused by the crush of the spectators as they leaned forward to watch the game. Some people then fell through the snapped railings on to spectators below. *Right*—At Shawfield Park Stadium, near Glasgow, in Scotland, police and spectators help to lift a 4-ft. boundary wall which had collapsed during the game. Of the many young spectators who were sitting on or in front of the wall, one boy was killed.

TRAIN CRASH IN BELGIUM : The scene at Anderlecht, on the outskirts of Brussels, after an electric express Ostend-Brussels train had run into the rear of a local steam train. In the foreground is the front section of the Ostend train, which was ripped open along one side. At least four persons were killed in the accident, which occurred as the local steam train was changing from one line to another.

AN INFANT SCHOOL COLLAPSES IN SICILY : Debris is piled high at an infant school at Altofonte, near Palermo, after the ceiling and first floor had collapsed during a gale. At least eleven children and adults were killed and others injured.

On left—

TO THE RESCUE : Members of a rescue party are digging their way through the debris to reach the trapped people inside the school. Fifty children were buried in the wreckage.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE TWENTY-FIRST AWARD OF THE PRUNIER TROPHY: Prince Philip sits in the restaurant in London with Madame Prunier after he had presented the Prunier Trophy for 1957—its twenty-first award—at the annual luncheon. Standing and speaking on the right is Skipper James Muir, M.B.E., of Kirkcaldy, who with his crew in *Silver Cord* won the trophy awarded for the largest single catch of herring during the autumn fishing season. On the left is Skipper F. Brown, of *Rosebay*. He and his crew were the runners-up.

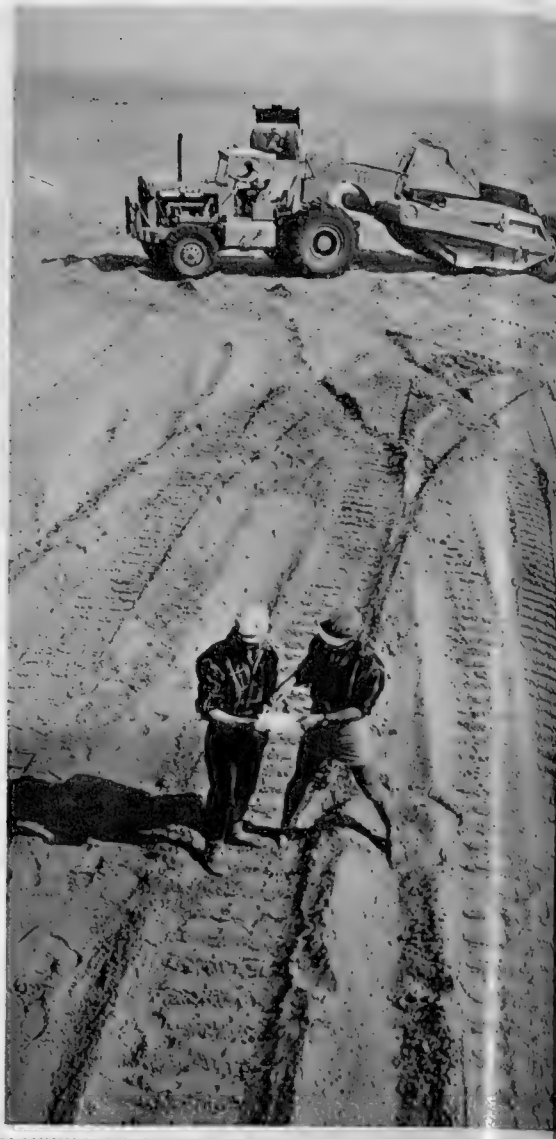
A LARGE CATCH FROM THE ZUIDER ZEE: M. V. Osten, a lock-keeper at Monnikendam, on the Ijsselmeer, or Zuider Zee, in the Netherlands, holds up a 35-lb. pike which he had caught in a canal. The lock-keeper played the fish, which was 46 ins. long, for over half an hour before landing it with the help of a friend.

A SYRIAN DELEGATION IN HUNGARY: Khaled El Azem (left), Syrian Vice-Premier and Minister of Defence, is greeted at the airport in Budapest by M. Kadar (right), the Prime Minister of Hungary. The Syrian Minister was leading a delegation from his country which was on the way to Moscow. There in the Kremlin the documents were signed to ratify the Soviet-Syrian agreement on economic and technical co-operation, which was concluded last August.

ROYAL VISIT TO "THE TIMES": With the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the offices of the newspaper in Printing House Square, in London, are Lord Astor of Hever (left), the Chairman of The Times Publishing Company, and Mr. John Walter, the Deputy Chairman. After dinner in the boardroom, at which the Editor and Assistant Editors were present, the Royal guests were taken on a tour of the buildings and shown all the processes which are part of the paper's production. The Queen pressed the button to start the presses for the first edition of the next day's paper. It was the first visit of a reigning Sovereign to *The Times*.

HOSES CLEAR DEMONSTRATORS DEMANDING AN EARLY GENERAL ELECTION IN NEPAL: Firemen direct the water on to pickets outside the Government Secretariat building in Katmandu. Police had been unable to remove them by less drastic means. The demonstrations followed the resignation of the Prime Minister, Dr. K. I. Singh, and their object was to call for early elections. A few days later King Mahendra announced that voting would take place in mid-February or possibly before then. The general election will be the first to be held in Nepal.

FRENCHMEN DRILL FOR OIL IN THE SAHARA: A group of oilmen are at work at the base of an oil site in the western half of the Sahara, where oil has been discovered. In digging a deep well they may wear out up to 200 boring drill bits. When this happens, the sections of tubing are hoisted out of the drilling hole. After the bit is replaced, the tubes are screwed together and reinserted in the same order in which they came out.



PLANNING AN AIRFIELD: A tractor, with specially designed tyres for use in the sand, pulls a scraper used for tracing roads and levelling off airfields. Machinery for drilling is brought to the desert sites by road and air.

EXPLORATION IN THE SAHARA

Recently Discovered Oil, Coal and Mineral Deposits in the Sahara could make France the most Prosperous Nation in Europe

IN an age when more populated parts of Africa are torn by race hatred and nationalism, the Sahara is France's "ace up the sleeve." The French Press to-day frequently extols the potential wealth of the vast region that has always been considered the most worthless piece of real estate anywhere. Paris politicians emphasise the fact that the Sahara is French, and so it must remain. The Sahara, they claim, is France's biggest overseas asset and its guarantee of a prosperous future. If this is true, the Sahara is indeed a precious possession. But how true is it?

Only a complete survey of the enormous area's natural resources can give the answer. Though all of it has been explored at least superficially, much of what is underground remains a mystery. Even if the confidently predicted riches are there, France still faces both a technical and a political problem before it can gain financially from them. Distances are great and natural conditions harsh. Even more important is the temper of the Arab and Berber peoples to the north and west—the independent Moroccans and Tunisians and the rebellious Algerians. For whatever wealth is extracted from the desert it must pass through their countries. Political errors could ruin all the hopes France is building on the sands of its Sahara.

The Sahara covers an area of about 3,000,000 square miles of Central Africa, most of the western half belonging to France. Much of it is covered with sand dunes, especially towards the Atlantic coast. The inhabitants of the French Sahara number, all told, 1,700,000—an average of a little over one per square mile. There can be no doubt that the desert contains untold exportable wealth—iron, copper, manganese and petroleum, to list those resources already located, in temptingly rich deposits.

On left—

AN ENORMOUS TRAVELLING GENERATOR: It supplies power for drilling rigs. Drillers in the Sahara work three shifts—each of five men—around the clock. The equipment required for the operations is extremely expensive and drilling an oil well costs about £2 10s. per minute.

HOME COMFORT: A portable "home" is lowered into position by crane. Each of the fifty men at the Hassi Nessaoud site has his own air-conditioned hut, complete with electricity and running water. The food, which is flown in from Algiers, is varied and abundant.

THE SITE OF ONE OF THE RICHEST OIL STRIKES IN THE SAHARA: It is at Hassi Nessaoud, where three drilling rigs are at present in use. To drill the area thoroughly eight rigs are required. About 250,000 square miles of the Sahara have already been let out in oil concessions and half of this has already been prospected. Twenty drills are in use and about 100 wells have been drilled.

On left—

KEEPING IN CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD: A site official watches a radio operator transmit a message to Algiers. Morning and evening reports contain numerous details such as the progress of the work, supplies required, the health of the workers and incidents affecting the job.

The greatest recent discovery is, undoubtedly, oil. Strikes made in the last few years led France to realise, almost at the moment when Egypt was blocking the Suez Canal, that petroleum imports from the Middle East would soon cease to be vital. The richest finds were those made around Edjelé and Tiguentourine, close to the Libyan border. So far, the Edjelé reserves amount to 20,000,000 tons, but prospectors are sure the pool is on a much larger scale than has yet been verified.

Oil was found near Edjelé over an area measuring some twenty miles by five. A similar dome in the rock structure was discovered near Tiguentourine. Geologists believe similar formations must be numerous in the region. At Hassi Nessaoud, north-west of Edjelé, another strike has been made. The rock formations here are said to be comparable to those of the biggest oilfields in Arabia. The pool is over 500 ft. deep. Normally a 35-ft. depth is considered a major strike. To-day, the unproved but conservatively estimated oil reserves in known Sahara fields break down as follows: Edjelé and Tiguentourine, 100,000,000 tons; Hassi R'mel, 100,000,000 and Hassi Nessaoud 300,000,000, or a total of 500,000,000 tons. Other oil deposits are known to exist at Reggane, Talemzane, Berrian, Laghouat and Ouargla. But however much oil is found, it is useless unless it can be transported to the fuel-hungry civilised world. A pipeline from Hassi Nessaoud to Algiers or Bône, on the Mediterranean coast, would be technically easy—the distance is about 400 miles. Edjelé, however, is 1,200 miles from the French Algerian coast. An easier solution would be a shorter pipeline through Libya to the port of Zuara, near Tripoli.

The known reserves of iron-ore in the Sahara are about equal to those of Canada. Probable reserves put the Sahara in a class with the world's great ironfields. The two principal deposits in the Sahara are at Gara Djebilet, 75 miles south of Tindouf, which is 100 miles south of the Moroccan border, and at Fort Gouraud, 400 miles farther south and west. The Fort Gouraud deposits are estimated at 100,000,000 tons of easily exploitable ore essayed at an average 60 per cent. iron of a quality equal to the eagerly-sought Swedish ore. The deposits are on the surface and can be mined by open-cast methods. By 1960 it should be possible to extract 4,000,000 tons a year from these two fields, and by 1970, 10,000,000 tons.

The capital needed to start getting this iron out is not excessive—about £15,000,000, and both Britain and Italy have indicated that they would buy it. The one difficulty that has so far held up exploitation is the problem of transport to the coast.

Delivered at Port Etienne, Fort Gouraud iron-ore is expected to cost about £3 a ton, which is competitive with ore from the recently developed Labrador fields. In the fields farther north at Gara Djebilet the reserves are abundant. The mineral is at the surface and its quality is equivalent to that of second-grade Swedish ore. Buyers could probably be found in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium. Besides these two major ironfields, lesser deposits have been found near Colomb Béchar, 400 miles north-east of Tindouf, near the Moroccan border, and near Akjoujt, south of Rio de Oro, and somewhat closer to Port Etienne than is Fort Gouraud.

As a source of local energy in the Sahara, and in Algeria as well, natural gas is likely to play a greater role than coal. The biggest gas discovery so far has been made at Djebel Berga, near In Salah, about 700 miles due south of Algiers. The potential yield is probably about 100,000,000,000 cub. metres of a dry methane, unsuitable for making fuel, but easy to burn.

Copper is found at Akjouit, some of it on the surface. Full exploitation might develop an output of 25,000 tons a year. Putting the Akjouit copper deposits into full-scale production will require an investment of £25,000,000 over three years. The manganese found at Djebel Guettara would be easy to exploit and might supply about a tenth of present French needs, which are 50,000 tons a year.

To sum up, the Sahara can furnish 10,000,000 tons of petroleum a year by 1965, and 30,000,000 tons in fifteen years. In 1965 she will also be producing 10,000,000 tons of iron a year and 15,000 tons of copper. For the French economy, on a short-term basis, the possible output of the Sahara represents half the present French deficit in foreign exchange, now spent on buying raw materials outside the franc zone. On a long-term basis, it offers a hope of transforming and of reviving the whole French economy.

WAITING FOR THE AIRLIFT: An anxious gathering of Dutch women and children wait at Djakarta airport, Indonesia, for passages on Qantas and B.O.A.C. aircraft. Dutch employees of many concerns in Indonesia have been ordered out of the country as a result of the Indonesian campaign to press territorial claims in New Guinea.

ONE SPHERE WHERE DUTCH-INDONESIAN RELATIONS CONTINUE: Two Dutch children ride with their Indonesian nursemaid in a betjak or pedicab, a common transport in Djakarta.

FLIGHT FROM INDONESIA

Dutch Nationals Leave a Troubled Country

The situation in Indonesia, where the Government is pursuing a policy of seizing a number of Dutch interests, is confusing. Although the Dutch were initially ordered to be expelled, later statements suggested that the Government did not seek mass evacuation. Another report stated that President Soekarno had been deposed by an army *coup d'état*, but the following day he gave a Press conference, although he refused to answer questions.

The Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Information announced at another Press conference in Djakarta that the Indonesian Government had taken over the control of the Dutch-owned estates in the country. There are over 500 Dutch concerns in Indonesia, and they represent some 75 per cent. of the foreign-owned estates there.

Many thousands of evacuees have left by Qantas, B.O.A.C. and other airlines. The Dutch company KLM has been refused permission to land aircraft in Indonesia. Many of the evacuated families have arrived in London en route for Amsterdam. The British Ministry of Transport's migrant ship *Captain Cook*, on her way from New Zealand to Singapore with troops, was diverted to Djakarta to pick up about 1,000 Dutch evacuees. To enable this a special charter arrangement has been made between the Dutch and New Zealand Governments. The director of the Netherlands Red Cross has stated that it is hoped that his organisation can move between 6,000 and 9,000 people out of Indonesia.

POLITICAL MESSAGES SCRAWLED ON A DUTCH FACTORY: The slogans which have been painted on the frontage of the Philips Electronics factory in Djakarta read "The Dutch Should Leave," and "Seize West Irian." West Irian is the Dutch part of New Guinea. The 500 Dutch concerns in Indonesia represent some 75 per cent. of the foreign-owned estates.

***Above*—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE TAKE-OVER IS MADE: At a Press conference the Indonesian Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Sadjarwo (left), and the Minister of Information, Mr. Sudibjo, officially state that their Government has taken over all the Dutch-owned estates in the country.**

***On right*—EVACUEES ARRIVE IN LONDON: A party of Dutch women and children walk across the wet tarmac at London Airport on arrival from Singapore. The first group of evacuees from Indonesia consisted of twenty-three mothers and forty-five children, the families of Unilever employees.**

AN OUTBREAK OF VIOLENT DISTURBANCES IN NICOSIA: *Left*—Security forces run into a littered street as students on the roof of the Pan-Cyprian Gymnasium bombard them with stones and bottles. Rioting flared up all over Cyprus at the start of the U.N. debate. *Right*—The military patrol, with police reinforcements, are about to storm the building. On their first attempt they were driven back by a tear-gas bomb thrown by students barricaded inside. Eventually an entrance was forced.

YOUNG DEMONSTRATORS ON THE RUN: A group of young children involved in the rioting in Nicosia turn a corner as they run from the pursuit of the military patrol. The boy in the left foreground has paused in his tracks to hurl an object at a guarded jeep in a lane in the distance. During the riots many people were arrested.

WHAT A CYPRUS RIOT LOOKS LIKE

When Young Lads and "Students" Demonstrate Against the Security Forces

At the beginning of this month widespread disturbances flared up all over Cyprus on the occasion of the start of the United Nations debate. On the first day two boys climbed the 60-ft. belfry of the Phaneromeni Greek church and bombarded the demonstrators below with bottles and stones. Military police units, their batons flailing, eventually managed to break up the demonstrators. On the second day, the demonstrations took a more serious turn when Greek-Cypriot students assembled in the courtyard of the Pan-Cyprian Gymnasium and caused an upheaval. Some of the more unruly youngsters then barricaded themselves in the building and, from the roof, stones and bottles rained down on the police. In an attempt to storm the building, the police were driven back by a tear-gas bomb which was thrown from inside. The battle raged for nearly three hours before an entry was forced. Later Greek Cypriot Mayors called on Sir Hugh Foot, the new Governor, to discuss the situation on the island. The meeting at Government House—an occasion unprecedented for more than two years—was regarded as an important development in Sir Hugh's policy to ease tension through personal contact. He also discussed the situation with Greek-Cypriot newspaper editors.

A POLICEMAN AND SOLDIER WOUNDED: *Above, left*—A military policeman lends support to a Turkish mobile reserve policeman who was seriously injured during the attempts to break into a barricaded school in Nicosia. *Above, centre*—Military police, some wearing gas-masks and goggles, carry an injured comrade to safety.

BOMBARDMENTS FROM A CHURCH BELFRY: A youngster is seen in mid-air as he leaps from the belfry on to the roof of the Phaneromeni Greek church on his way to fetch more stones.

A MINIATURE HANSOM AS A CHILD'S PERAMBULATOR : It is 43 ins. high and was built about 1870. Belonging to Snowshill Manor, near Broadway, in Worcestershire, it is one of the exhibits at the Exhibition of Treasures from National Trust Houses, at Christie's, in London, opening next Tuesday (Dec. 31) for four weeks.

FOUR MINIATURES : *Top, left*—Lord Hervey (1757-1796). *Top, right*—A Lady of 1776. Both are by John Smart, and come respectively from Ickworth and Polesden Lacey. *Below*, works from Ickworth by John Hoskins (born 1590) are *left*—Barbara Countess of Suffolk, and *right*—Sir Robert Carr, of Sleaford.

TREASURES FROM COUNTRY HOUSES

An Exhibition at Christie's, in London, from National Trust Properties

By L. G. G. RAMSEY
(*Editor of "The Connoisseur"*)

THE character of the National Trust has changed considerably since Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley originally conceived the idea of founding it in 1895. These practical idealists could see the toll which was being taken of the English countryside and of historic buildings by Victorian industrialisation. Yet the founders could hardly have thought it possible that the Trust which they originated would, by 1957, own over 240,000 acres of land, comprising more than a thousand properties in England, Wales and Northern Ireland.

Neither was it probably ever part of the founders' original scheme that the Trust should not only acquire and possess "land of natural beauty" and "buildings of historic interest," but be custodians also, as the Trust now is, of works of art of high international esteem. Since the passing of the National Trust Act of 1937, this facet of its work has now grown to immense significance.

For many years, for example, there have existed more pieces of important French furniture of the highest quality in England than in France itself. Through the recent bequest of the late Mr. James de Rothschild to the Trust of Waddesdon Manor, Buckinghamshire, with a collection of pictures, porcelain and French furniture of the highest academic importance, it is possible to extend still further England's claim to the possession of the world's best examples of French furniture. The Trust's Waddesdon Bequest represents one of the finest private art collections ever assembled. Its value has been estimated at about £20,000,000. Mr. de Rothschild's generosity included an endowment of £750,000 for the upkeep.

Nothing can make this type of benefaction clearer to those who are not fully conversant with the wide scope of the Trust's work than the exhibition opening at Christie's art auction rooms in King Street, St. James's, on December 31, and continuing until January 26. Visitors to the Trust's historic houses now number over 900,000 in a year. Over 61,000 people are members of the Trust : and so can enter these houses free of charge. Through this Christie's exhibition, too, the visitor to it will obtain an idea of some of the more important yet smaller works of art in the Trust's care, some of which are not usually seen even by Trust members.

One of its most recent and important acquisitions is Saltram Park, near Plymouth. This came to the Trust on the death of the fourth Lord Morley, and is a house distinguished by the work carried out there by Robert Adam at some time after 1768. Surviving bills also indicate Thomas Chippendale's connection with Saltram. It was therefore natural for Mr. A. G. Grimwade, a director of Christie's, to select from this property for the exhibition a splendid pair of giltwood torchères by Robert Adam. These are of date about 1775 and support Derbyshire spar and ormolu candelabra made by Matthew Boulton, the distinguished Birmingham metal craftsman. They are illustrated—and so are a good many other items in this exhibition—in *The Dictionary of English Furniture.*

A BRONZE BUST OF CHARLES I : The sculptor is Hubert Le Sueur and it was probably executed about 1635. The bust is from Stourhead, Wilts.

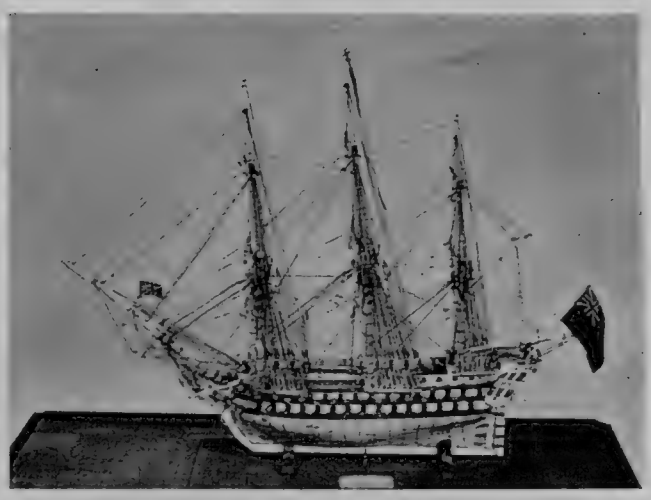
FROM WEST WYCOMBE PARK : The marquetry commode attributed to John Cobb, *circa* 1770, is in the French style. In width 35½ ins., it has a serpentine-shaped front and inlaid doors.

A feature which will be apparent to the visitor to this interesting National Trust exhibition is the extraordinary diversity of the exhibits: a Roman, white marble, bust of a boy (from Petworth), a nineteenth-century child's perambulator (Snowshill Manor), an Isnik pottery jug with English engraved and stamped silver-gilt mounts of about 1600 (Nostell Priory), or an eighteenth-century chamber-pot in delicate Sèvres porcelain discreetly decorated with flowers and amatory trophies (Uppark).

Among the sculpture to be seen are two fifteenth-century plaques in Nottingham alabaster, commonly called gypsum. One depicts The Nativity, the other a head of St. John the Baptist. They come from Coughton Court, the Warwickshire home of the Throckmorton family, where, in a room in the gatehouse, the wives of some of those engaged in the Gunpowder Plot awaited news of the event. There are only a mere handful of collectors of these desirable examples of early English carving. Yet extant records show that there was a thriving export trade in alabaster from Nottingham in the fifteenth century.

If these early Nottingham sculptors were adept at their work, so, too, were the jet-carvers, jewellers and

DELICATE CRAFTSMANSHIP : From left, a gold oblong patchbox; an enamelled gold pistol scent spray (above), only 5 ins. long; an obsidian and gold cane handle (below); and a gold-mounted agate Bonbonnière formed as a cat. All from Cliveden and of the latter half of the eighteenth century.



On right—

A MODEL OF A NELSON FLAGSHIP : H.M.S. *Vanguard*, of Battle of the Nile fame, carved in bone by a French prisoner of war in England around 1800. The fully-rigged model is 18 ins. long and is one of the treasures of Arlington Court, in Devon.

A CHINESE MIRROR PICTURE : The figures represent a fisherman and a lady, and the picture, 43 ins. in height, is one of a set of six of the middle eighteenth century from Saltram Park, Devon, a recent National Trust acquisition.

A SATINWOOD CABINET : The doors are inlaid with trophies, flowers and foliage sprays. From Saltram.

A MASTERPIECE BY A FAMOUS GOLDSMITH : This silver oval soup tureen was made in 1752 by Kandler for the second Earl of Bristol. The handle and applied vegetables on the cover form the Hervey Crest.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VIRGINAL : The interior of the cover of the case is painted with a landscape with courtiers, ladies and equestrian figures. The instrument comes from Fenton House, Hampstead.

watchmakers who were conscripted into Napoleon's navy. Later, during their captivity in England, between 1793 and 1815, these unwilling sailors constructed the wonderful ship models which are so sought after to-day. Here again there is hardly a big collector of them left. Nearly all these beautifully-made models are in nautical museums in England and America. One of the keenest private collectors of them, however, was the late Miss Rosalie Chichester, who presented Arlington Court, Devon, and its contents to the National Trust in 1946.

In all art throughout history the work of art in miniature has always, and understandably, held a special appeal. This is especially so in the exquisitely made eighteenth-century objects fashioned in precious metals, and sometimes enamelled and set with jewels. Their charm and the ingenious manner in which they are constructed exercises an almost hypnotic appeal on collectors. But this may also be on account of the magic title under which they are classified—Objects of Vertu. Some of them even had a practical use, droll as this use may seem to us to-day. The French, late eighteenth-century enamelled gold scent-spray (from Cliveden) in this exhibition is a delicate piece of craftsmanship: on pressing the trigger the cock strikes the flash-pan cover which then flies forward, firing the expanding flower from the muzzle and discharging scent. Representatives of most of the other items which are included in the "Vertu" family are also present: a Meissen porcelain snuff-box (Sizergh Castle), a gold snuff-box (Knole Park), a Swiss musical-box (Cliveden) and a group of animal figures by Carl Fabergé (Polesden Lacey).

The most popular of the National Trust treasures will surely be the splendid items of silver. The rare gilt porringer and cover, of date 1671, has made the journey to London from Shakespeare's Charlecote Park, Warwickshire, and other important pieces have come from Knole and Polesden Lacey. The exhibition is especially fortunate, moreover, in securing some of the superb silver from Ickworth. From this collection there is included one of the pair of oval soup tureens made in 1752 by Frederick Kandler, who, with other leading goldsmiths, made so much of the beautiful silver there for John Hervey, 1st Earl of Bristol (1665-1751), and for some of those who succeeded him. There is also the wine-cooler made by Robert Cooper in 1680. This "cystern," as it is described in the Ickworth inventory, is thought to have been the model for the much larger example made by Cooper in 1681 for the 10th Earl of Rutland. The inventory also discloses the original cost of this Ickworth piece—£82 11s.

Although they are rightly classified in the exhibition catalogue under "Furniture," there is an ebonised table and a mirror, of date 1675, which Lord Sackville has kindly lent from the Colonnade at Knole. Both pieces are resplendent with elaborate silver mounting. That furniture encased in, or mounted with, silver was usually only made to an important order is clear from these Knole pieces, which bear the coroneted cypher (*FCM*) of Frances Cranfield, daughter of the Earl of Middlesex.

Horace Walpole was not speaking of these particular pieces of furniture (he was referring to the silver furniture in the King's Bedchamber) on his visit to Knole in 1780, but he remembered seeing "a most beautiful Table and glass of wrought silver, very old, and many Jars and Beakers of the same." Walpole spoke of Knole as a "grand Repository": indeed, its works of art could compose a London exhibition in their own right. Until such time as that can be staged, some of its splendours, and those from other National Trust houses, can be seen at Christie's until January 26, 1958.

ASHORE AND AGROUND

Small and Large Ships in Trouble off the American and North African Coasts

SHIPWRECK OFF CUBA: A small fishing schooner has been driven on the rocks in front of the Malecon, the sea wall at Havana, in Cuba, and is being pounded by the wind and the waves. The vessel was a victim of the sixth and strongest "nor'-easter" of the season at Havana. The skipper and his crew of five were rescued and brought ashore after dumping their catch of several hundred pounds of live fish in the sea. There were no casualties reported.

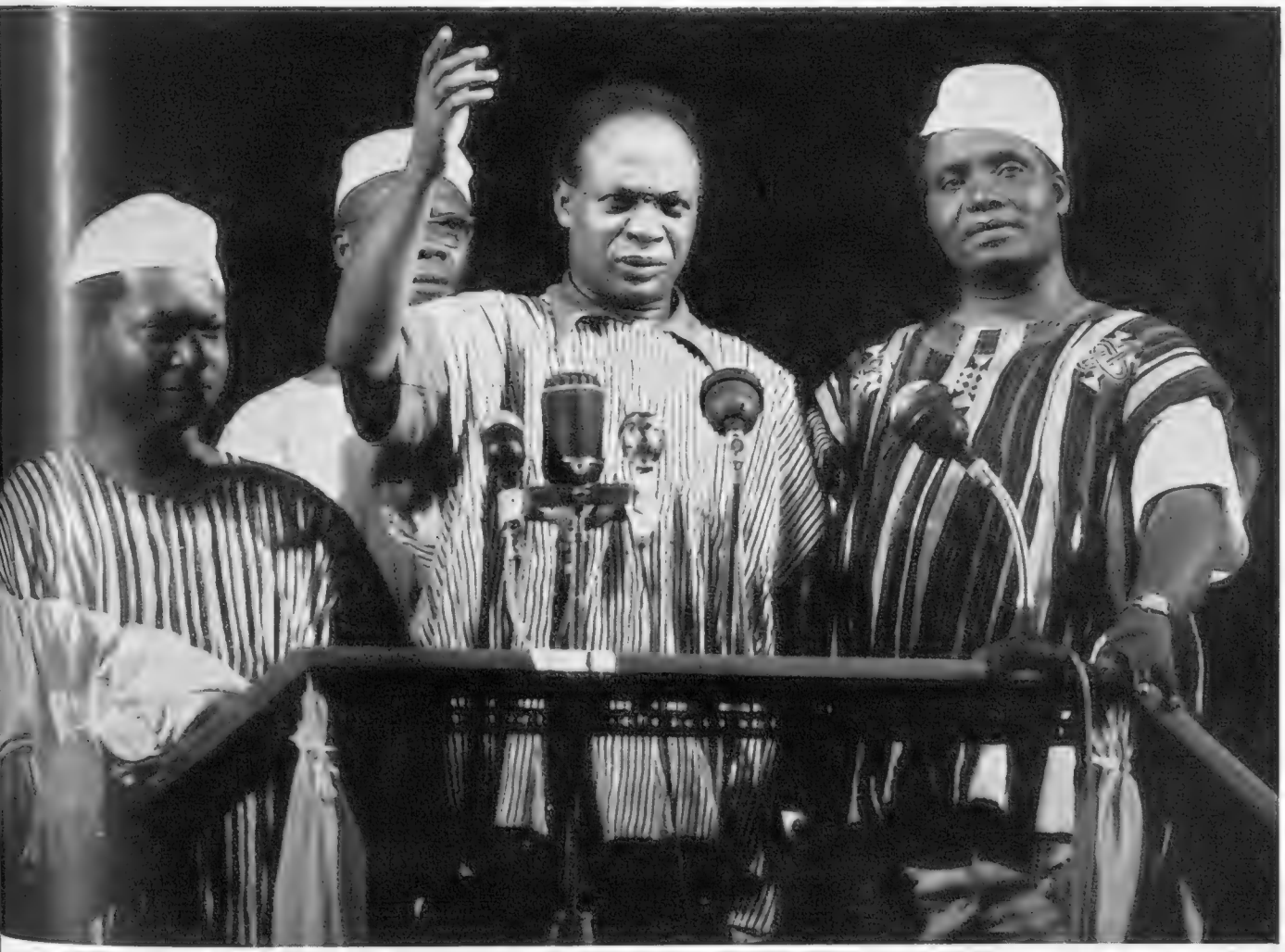
DEFENCELESS AGAINST THE FURY OF THE ELEMENTS: Held firmly below the Malecon at Havana, the deck of the fishing boat is awash with debris as its masts, sails, rigging and general structure are battered by the "nor'-easter." In a few hours the vessel had become a total wreck.

A STORM MOVES HALF A SHIP: The bow section of the Norwegian freighter *Belleville*, which went aground off Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., last September, and was later broken in two by a gale, has been carried over 100 ft. towards the shore. The reason for this was the force of another storm. The stern section of the vessel is in the background. From the time the *Belleville*, of 8,400 tons, grounded on Seal Rock efforts were made by tugs to free her. However, all attempts were unsuccessful and in the middle of last month the crew, who had been taken off in a violent storm, had to watch while their ship broke in half.

On left—

RESCUE BY HELICOPTER ON THE MOROCCAN SHORE: Forced on to the rocks near Casablanca, the French freighter *Pei Ho* could not be reached by lifeboats because of the huge breakers and rough seas. Helicopters from the United States Air Force base at Port Lyautey undertook the task of taking off the crew. One of the aircraft can be seen hovering over the bows of the ship. Another in the foreground has brought some of the crew to land.

"HAPLACHROMIS, THE EGYPTIAN MOUTHBREEDER": Thirty-six babies bred in the mouth of this Haplachromis are seen returning one by one to the safety of their mother's mouth. This photograph in the Portfolio category of the British Press Pictures of the Year Competition, sponsored by *Encylopædia Britannica* and the Institute of British Photographers, helped to win joint second award for the photographer, George M. Greenwell, of the *Daily Mirror*. He shared the award with a colleague.



"BIRTH OF A NATION": The striking study of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana, was taken by F. W. Reed, of the *Daily Mirror*, as the Prime Minister announced the independence of Ghana at midnight on March 6, 1957. Mr. Reed gained joint second award in the Portfolio category. This is the seventh year in which his pictures have been selected for exhibition.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR

A Selection of the Prizewinning Prints in the British Press Pictures of the Year Competition

The tenth annual British Press Pictures of the Year Competition, sponsored by *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the Institute of British Photographers, again attracted a fine entry from Press photographers throughout the British Commonwealth and Ireland. Two hundred and seventy-four photographers entered a total of 2,009 prints. There were sixty-two Portfolios comprising 672 prints; forty-two Sequences totalling 431 prints; 212 News pictures, 394 Feature pictures, 154 Sport pictures, 99 Royal pictures and 47 Colour transparencies. Altogether, entries were received from forty-three United Kingdom and fifteen overseas centres.

The awards were presented by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who officiated at the same ceremony in 1950. To commemorate his presentation of the awards on these two occasions, he was awarded the title "Honorary Press Photographer Extraordinary" and was presented with a diploma similar to those he distributed to successful photographers. During the proceedings it was announced that Field-Marshal Montgomery had anonymously submitted two pictures in this year's competition. Although not selected for hanging among the best hundred, they are being shown because of general interest. The pictures are ariel views of the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc.

(*Further pictures on following pages.*)

"POPPET COMES TO DINNER": At Esher, in Surrey, it is not an uncommon sight to see this vixen dining on the back lawn of a private garden. Occasionally, she is accompanied on her dinner engagement by her dog fox and cubs. This is another of the pictures submitted by George Greenwell, of the *Daily Mirror*, for the Portfolio category, in which he gained joint second award.

"TRAPPED . . .": F. W. Reed was on hand to record a tiny hole in a wall but could not pull it out ag The picture helped the *Daily Mirror* photogr

"THE UNITED NATIONS AT PORT SAID": Bewildered by events of the day, UNO troops take a rest in Port Said. This sequence of twenty pictures covered the arrival of the United Nations' Forces at Port Said. It gained second award in the Sequence category for Russell Westwood, of *Illustrated*.

"MY SON, MY SON": Terence Fincher captured the anguish of an Egyptian mother as she ran after the body of her son, being taken away at Port Said. The Keystone Press Agency photographer gained first award in the Portfolio category.

escue of this starling which somehow managed to push its head through a The rescue operation was completed with the aid of a blade from a saw. ai gain joint second award in the Portfolio category of the competition.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR

On right—

"KEEP YOUR TAIL UP": Cindy, a five-week-old puppy, was one of the first patients to enter the new animal clinic of the Blue Cross Animal Welfare at Victoria. She is seen here looking very doleful as her tail is held up in the air during a medical examination. F. W. Reed went to take a picture of one of the first patients and this is the result of his visit. It is one of the photographs he subsequently entered in the Portfolio category of the British Press Pictures of the Year competition sponsored by *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the Institute of British Photographers.

"THE SHOW GOES ON": Young visitors to the Royal Richmond Horse Show stand on chairs to get a better view of the fire which broke out during the proceedings. It is another of the pictures taken by *Daily Mirror* cameraman George Greenwell and entered in the Portfolio category.

"HORROR IN OXFORD STREET": An F. W. Reed picture, showing police clearing up the belongings of the dead and injured after a bus had mounted a pavement in Oxford Street. It was among his entries in the Portfolio category.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR

"THE QUEEN OF SARK": Terence Fincher, the "British Press Photographer of the Year," took this picture of the Queen as she toured the Island of Sark during the Royal visit to the Channel Islands.

"THE SLUMS OF LIVERPOOL": The atmosphere of life in a Liverpool slum is captured by Thurston Hopkins, of Hulton Press, who gained first award in the Sequence category.

On left—

"TIME CHECK": Princess Anne anxiously checks her watch while awaiting the return of the Queen from Canada and the U.S.A. Kenneth Saunders, of Sport and General, gained first award in the Royal category.

Below—

"NEW FRIENDS": Prince Charles (near the rear) gets his first taste of school life. *Daily Express* photographer Michael Stroud gained second award in the Royal category.

MR. EISENHOWER HAS A WORD WITH MR. DULLES AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE NATO MEETING: The American President examines a note with Mr. Dulles. Beyond them at the table at the Palais de Chaillot is Mr. Macmillan. The meeting of the NATO Council in Paris last week was the first occasion on which it has been attended by the Heads of Governments of the Member states. Fourteen Chief Ministers sat at the round table, only Portugal not being represented by its Premier.

THE NATO "SUMMIT" TALKS

Heads of Government Attend One of the Most Important Council Meetings Yet Held

It was an historic moment when the NATO Council met last week in Paris. Leading their delegations were the Heads of Government of fourteen of the fifteen member states. Only Dr. Salazar of Portugal was absent from the roll, the chief Portuguese representative being Dr. Marcelo Caetano, the Minister of the Presidency in the Lisbon Government. Naturally, main attention seemed to be on President Eisenhower who, in spite of the recent alarms about his health, had been able to attend in person. Incidentally, it was the first time an American President in office had visited the French capital since Woodrow Wilson forty years ago.

M. Joseph Bech, the Prime Minister of Luxembourg, presided as Honorary Chairman over the first gathering at the round table, which had been carefully selected to show that all members were equal. Behind the chief delegates in the Palais de Chaillot were banks of chairs on which sat the various Foreign Ministers, other members of the delegations and NATO officials.

Mr. Eisenhower began the first open session with a speech which, if inevitably confined to generalities, struck the right note for the feelings of those present. "This is a time for greatness," he said. The purpose of the meeting was "to rededicate ourselves to the task of dispelling shadows that are being cast upon the free world" and "to take store of our great assets in men, minds and materials." Mr. Macmillan, who spoke last, called the conference "the Cabinet of this alliance," the purpose of which was "to prevent and avoid war, not to wage war." The conference then went into private session from which the public and the vast army of correspondents and photographers were excluded. It was known that the agenda included disarmament, German reunification, the Middle East, policy towards Africa and under-developed countries and relations between NATO and other international organisations.

The recent spate of letters from Marshal Bulganin to each of the NATO states was also a subject of discussion. Having agreed on a common attitude towards negotiations with Russia, it was reported that each member of the Council was to send its individual reply to the letters.

In the course of the next day of deliberations it was stated that the United States had offered, through Mr. Dulles at the Foreign Ministers' Committee, a number of new proposals to aid the NATO alliance. These included a vast increase in American economic help; a stockpile of nuclear warheads for weapons to be available to all members; Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles to be deployed in NATO countries under the direction of the Supreme Commander, Europe; and a programme for the co-ordination of the production of modern weapons.

There was understandably some objection from the smaller states—especially Denmark and Norway which are geographically close to the Soviet Union—that they should allow bases for guided missiles on their territories. But above particular national feelings was the clear belief that unity of the free world was the first essential.

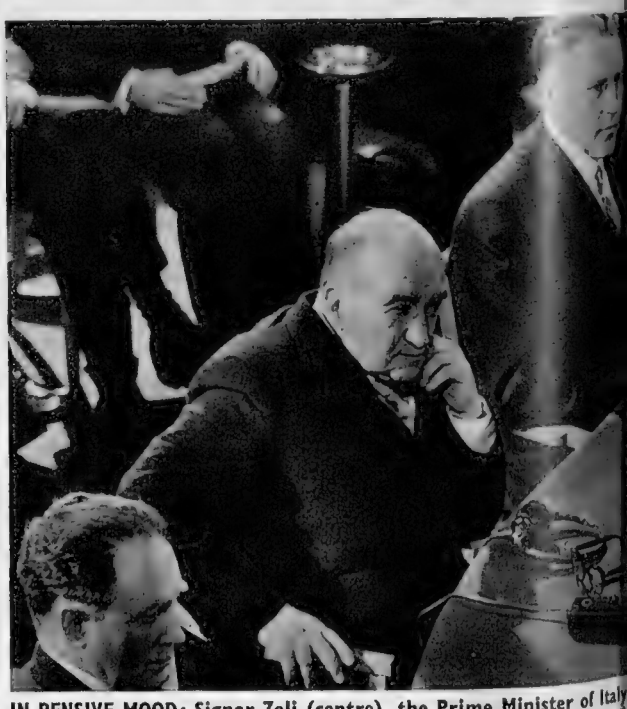
This unanimity was confirmed when a meeting of Foreign and Defence Ministers agreed that NATO members should be armed with United States medium range missiles backed by stockpiles of nuclear warheads.

(Further pictures on following pages)

INFORMAL CONVERSATIONS: President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan chat with other delegates before the opening of the first session of the NATO Council meeting in the Palais de Chaillot. In his speech at this session Mr. Eisenhower spoke in a firm, resonant voice for nineteen minutes and showed few signs of his recent illness.

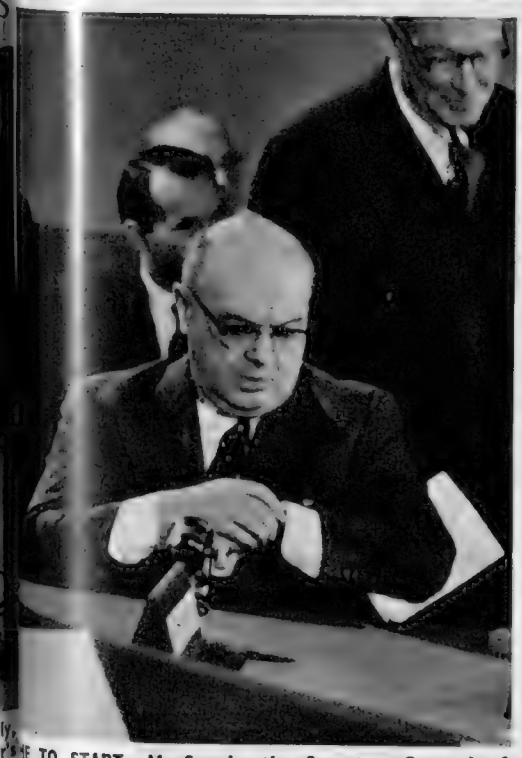
THE NATO "SUMMIT" TALKS

THE PREMIERS OF CANADA AND DENMARK: Mr. Diefenbaker (left) and Hr. Hansen listen to Mr. Eisenhower's speech. Both the Canadian and Danish Prime Ministers spoke later. Mr. Diefenbaker referred particularly to the possibility of holding negotiations with the Soviet Union at a later date, but only under certain conditions.



IN PENSIVE MOOD: Signor Zoli (centre), the Prime Minister of Italy, seems to be meditating deeply on President Eisenhower's remarks. In the foreground is M. Jonasson, Iceland's Premier

AN HISTORIC PICTURE: President Eisenhower speaking at the NATO Council table round which fourteen Heads of Government are seated. Moving clockwise from Mr. Eisenhower those at the table are: M. Spaak, Secretary-General of NATO; M. Bech, Prime Minister of Luxembourg and Honorary Chairman of the session; M. Van Acker, Prime Minister of Belgium; Mr. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada; Hr. Hansen, Prime Minister of Denmark; M. Gaillard, Prime Minister of France; Dr. Adenauer, Chancellor of West Germany; M. Karamanlis, Prime Minister of Greece; M. Jonasson, Prime Minister of Iceland; Signor Zoli, Prime Minister of Italy; M. Heisbourg, of the Luxembourg delegation; Dr. Drees, Prime Minister of the Netherlands; Hr. Gerhardsen, Prime Minister of Norway; Dr. Marcelo Caetano, Leader of the Portuguese delegation and Minister of the Presidency in the Portuguese Cabinet; Mr. Menderes, Prime Minister of Turkey, and Mr. Macmillan, Prime Minister of Great Britain. In the seats behind Mr. Macmillan are Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Dulles.



...E TO START: M. Spaak, the Secretary-General of NATO, looks at his watch a few seconds before the opening of the first session in the Palais de Chaillot.

On left—

A SPEECH FROM M. GAILLARD: Beyond the bespectacled French Premier is Dr. Adenauer and next to the right is the Greek Prime Minister, M. Karamanlis.

THE WHIST DRIVE TRIUMPHS

In Competition with Modern Entertainment the Village Whist Drive has Held its Own. It is an Occasion in the Village and is Enormous Fun

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A FEATURE of English village life in the winter is the whist drive. There is, of course, no need for me to explain the game of whist. I have just looked it up, and I find that it is one of the oldest card games in the world and one of the most popular, and that it is played in every civilised country throughout the world. Almost certainly, therefore, you will be familiar with the game of whist. But the English village whist drive: that is a different matter altogether. I feel sure that nothing like it occurs anywhere else in the world. It is a peculiarly British institution.

It must not, however, be thought that whist drives take place only in villages. There is probably not a town in England in which whist drives are not held regularly throughout the winter. It is possible, indeed, and without travelling unduly, to take part in a whist drive on every night of the week (except Sunday) and a considerable number of people, in fact, do so.

As you know, whist is an individual game. Strictly speaking, there should be no question of partnership: it is a case of every man for himself. (" Partner whist " does occur at some whist drives: but rarely, because it offers so much more opportunity for professional card-sharpers.) It is the number of tricks that count in whist. The first six do not count, but, of course, there are thirteen altogether and every trick over six counts a point. And there are also points for " honours." Four honours—say, ace, king, queen and knave—means four points. You get two points for three honours, but you do not get any points at all for fewer than three honours. At the end of each game, the winners move on to another table—the women moving down the room, the men up, or vice versa—so that (except in " partner whist ") you never get the same four players together twice in an evening. Your opponents are different for every game throughout the evening. And it would be difficult to think of anything fairer than that.

You pay to enter a whist drive. A shilling or so may be considered the normal entrance fee for a village whist drive, but half a crown is more usual for the bigger affairs in country towns, and as much as five shillings may be charged on occasion. It is a way of raising money—whist drives are always held in aid of some " good cause "—and, as experience has shown over the years, one of the best. Of course, there are expenses attached: among others, prizes for the best man and the best lady, second prizes, consolation prizes, and so forth.

The village whist drive, with an entrance fee of a shilling or so, cannot, of course, offer big prizes—ten shillings in cash or in kind as first prize is about the average—but there are other inducements, such as raffles and the " snowball." (The " snowball " is a kitty into which each player puts twopence or threepence a week, and which is played for, in addition to the first prize, once a month.) But it will be readily understood that with an entrance fee of half a crown or five shillings (100 tables at an entrance fee of five shillings a player is quite a lot of money) very considerable prizes can be offered.

When good prizes are offered people will travel long distances to play—it has been known for men and women to travel from London to Leicestershire to take part in a whist drive—and a village drive offering prizes of ten shillings or more will be certain to attract players from neighbouring villages. But, quite apart from the money, the village whist drive is an occasion. It is good fun. Though, maybe, you would not think so the first time you went to one.

Whist, the word whist, means " silence." And I think that it is this that must strike you most forcibly when you first go to a village whist drive: the silence, the dead silence, while a hand is being played. Between hands, while the players are moving round, there is some conversation. In the interval for refreshments there is a hum of conversation and even some badinage between the sexes. But, during the playing of a hand, there is silence; the silence of complete concentration. These people are here to win ten shillings.

Village whist drives are usually held in the village hall. As often as not the village hall is a wooden building with a corrugated iron roof which does not fit any too well. The hall will be heated by a huge stove with an iron pipe going out through the wall somewhere to act as chimney. The stove itself will be red hot: the hall will be ice cold. It is the habit of stoves in village halls for the heat to rush up the pipe and out of the room, while the smoke, which should rush up the pipe and out of the room, ignores the chimney, finding all sorts of unsuspected cracks, so that it gradually collects under the ceiling where it billows gently back and forth in the draughts.

So, when you open the door and enter, what you see are little groups of people, men and women, huddled in dead silence over little trestle tables under a cloud of smoke. The men are in overcoats and on a really cold night many of them keep their hats on. But the women vary. The unmarried women—well, those under fifty—discard their coats, and those with hope high in their hearts (and it is apparent that hope has nothing to do with age) even wear " party frocks " and expose an inch or two of goose-pimpled charms. The married women wear thick jumpers and cardigans, felt ankle-boots, and often their overcoats. You can absorb the whole set-up of a village—the female side of it anyway—from a single glance at a whist drive.

The silence of a village whist drive is not what you could call a serene silence. Rather it is what the novelists describe as a pregnant silence. This is every man for himself and ten shillings. And everybody knows everybody else very well indeed. Villages are small, close-knit communities. Every man and every woman in the room is convinced that his or her opponent will cheat if they get so much as half a chance, and every man and woman in the room (or so it seems) is determined to do so given half a chance. At any rate there are more furtive sideways glances at a village whist drive than the hunted fox gives in a lifetime.

The cards are drawn stealthily off the table face downwards—only the novice would dream of picking them up—and are held close-cupped against the prying eyes. And there are all sorts of manœuvres. It soon becomes apparent to the close observer that the silence is a silence made up of many small noises. Mrs. Blank sucks boiled sweets endlessly and obviously. Mrs. Dash objects to smoking at any table she may be honouring. Mr. This manages to make an absent-minded whistle, bubbly and shrill, through the gap in his front teeth: so absent-minded that it only happens on whist drive nights. Mr. That, an exceptionally healthy man, is prone to wind and sibilant " pardons " on whist drive nights. Every player of experience understands something of the art of " gamesmanship," every one has a technique for disturbing the concentration of others, every one is a expert in the cold war of nerves. And we are all experts of long experience. The cold, stale atmosphere vibrates with hostility.

Does all this sound very grim? I suppose that it might strike an onlooker as grim the first time he went to a village whist drive. I feel sure that it would strike a foreigner, unaccustomed to the ways of the rural English, as grim beyond measure. But it is not. The village whist drive, the small-town whist drive, would not have held its own in competition with the cinema, with radio, above all with television, if it were grim. And it has held its own. Television has revolutionised modern life and destroyed or weakened many things. Even the Waits have disappeared or are disappearing.

It is now two years since I have had small urchins on my doorstep rendering, untunefully and inaccurately, " Noel " or " Hark, the Herald Angels." Noel and threepence cannot compete with Wyatt Earp or Superman. But the whist drive continues unperturbed. Attendance figures have not dropped at all. And people would not go week after week, month after month, through the cold and the wet if it were grim. It is not grim at all. It is enormous fun, both the game itself and the battle of wits behind it, even though every trick in the battle is worn threadbare. And there is the added pleasure of knowing that you are helping a good cause.

We are aiming at a new roof and a new stove. I am a bit against it myself. I do not think that the whist drive will be quite the same in a warm, weather-tight room. Too relaxed.

A FOCAL POINT OF VILLAGE LIFE: For many villagers the village hall is the centre of entertainment and local occasions. The Memorial Hall at Avening, in Gloucestershire, built in memory of the fallen of the First World War, is the scene of many activities. The church was built by Queen Matilda in the eleventh century. *On right*—A view, taken some years ago, of the village hall at Farningham, Kent.

NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC CRAWL

Highways into the City are Clogged During the Recent Subway Strike

On left—

BUMPER-TO-BUMPER: The Gowanus Parkway in Brooklyn, N.Y., is jammed with cars going in the direction of Manhattan. This picture, taken from a police helicopter, shows the approaches of the Brooklyn-Battery tunnel which emerges in the business section of New York City. The morning crawl is fairly common to out-of-town commuters who travel by car, but only since the subway strike began on December 9 have traffic jams of this magnitude occurred. The strike on the three New York subway systems was started by motormen who claimed that as skilled craftsmen they were entitled to negotiate on wages and conditions independently of unskilled workers. Department stores estimated that one of the results of the stoppage was the reduction of Christmas sales by 25 per cent. or more. On the third day of the strike the heads of Macy's and Gimbel's, the two largest New York stores, after a City Hall meeting, travelled back to their offices on the Seventh Avenue subway. They did this as a public demonstration that the strike situation was not so serious as had been suggested, and that enough trains were still running to cope with Christmas shoppers. The strike came to an end on December 16, the eighth day after it began.

Below—

RUSH-HOUR CONGESTION ON AN ELEVATED HIGHWAY: On the complicated junction of the Gowanus Parkway with the Long Island Parkway, at Prospect Avenue in Brooklyn, cars move slowly forward in the direction of the entrance to the Brooklyn-Battery tunnel. This aerial picture was taken at 8.30 a.m. on the third day of the strike. The Long Island Parkway links downtown Manhattan with the many residential suburbs of Long Island. It was built some years ago as a means of cutting through the densely built-up area of Brooklyn, previously notorious for traffic hold-ups. Morning and evening traffic is normally heavy, but conditions have very rarely been as bad as during the strike.

STAKE NETS ON THE FORESHORE: *On left*—The nets have long stretches of single netting, plus two traps to catch the salmon. They are operated just after high tide. By law a certain number of gaps must be left in the nets. *On right*—Two boxes of salmon swing aloft on a precarious rope-lift or Blondin.

SCOTTISH SALMON FISHING

Catching Salmon is an Industry in Scotland, Organised on a Sound Commercial Basis

FISHING FROM A BOAT: The nets are hauled in and the first fish to be found is a small one. This is accepted as an indication that the haul will probably be poor.

SALMON fishing in Scotland is a large industry—working on sound commercial lines and supplying most of Britain's markets. In season, Scottish rivers, their estuaries, and the seashore are netted by various means, by day and by night. The salmon is the prize that draws the angler to the Scottish Highlands. The same fish is also responsible for some terrible words against the commercial side by those same anglers. But neither side need worry, for in spite of the hazards of the amateur fishermen, the commercial netters, the hydro-electric turbines, the pike, the otters and the seal, there is plenty of salmon for all, and for all time.

Some of the best fish are caught in stake nets around the Scottish seashores—an operation that is forbidden in England. The rights of such fishing in sea, estuary or river are paid for in thousands of pounds by the various firms so engaged—and a similar amount of capital is expended in boats, netting and gear. Hundreds of men are employed in this undertaking.

The rules of salmon fishing are strict. There must be no Sunday fishing which includes a 36-hour "truce" every week-end. In addition there must be a certain number of escape holes in every set of stake nets. This means that a fish must be able to get around the shore end of the net. It can of course go underneath the net, but in the sea the fish nearly always swim on the surface. When netting in the estuary or river, the net must be held in the hand and it must never be kept still.

Naturally, in the close season, which extends from November until about the middle of February, all fishing ceases. Netting is only permitted from mid-February until the end of August, but rods may be used until the end of October. This does not stop the work of the commercial fishermen, for dozens of them can be seen catching fish for their employers with the cheapest of rods!

THE FISHERMEN AT WORK IN THE DAWN HOURS: The heavy fishing boat is launched. Stake nets have been operating all night and must be emptied before the tide recedes.

During the summer when fish are plentiful, a large proportion are quick-frozen for use during the close season. A particular point to be carried out is the marking of fish so that they can be identified when brought on sale at a time when fishing cannot take place. This is to prevent any unauthorised fishing out of season. Salmon is expensive both to catch and to buy. Naturally there are people who will try and obtain the fish without paying their dues and without any thought of the consequences—whether it be in or out of season. The Scottish police and the fishing industry are well to the fore in combating this nuisance, and the punishment is usually heavy for a poacher.

Even in transit to its destination by road or rail the salmon is never safe, and extreme precautions are taken all the way, even to stamping the fish with the catcher's name. The boxes used in transit are well inscribed with such details, and the word "salmon."

Some hundreds of thousands of feet of netting are used every year, and hundreds of thousands of stakes. Tractors with hole-boring augers are used for erecting them—a job that must be done each year, for to leave them on the shore would be to ask to lose them in winter storms. Some firms even make their own nets, and most of them construct their own boats.

OLD-FASHIONED METHODS SURVIVE IN THE FISHING INDUSTRY: A catch is transported along a cliff edge near Montrose. In the distance on the shore can be seen some of the stake nets.

FISHING UPSTREAM: Near Montrose, fishermen wade into the stream. The men who devote their lives to fishing are equally skilful with rod or net.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE SALMON: This is a good catch of salmon, grilse and sea-trout. The fish are plump and large. They were part of a catch made in the daylight hours from stake nets.

A NETTING RUN: *On left*—The netting run begins. *Centre*—Excitement mounts as the net is hauled into the side of the river bank. This is the moment when the value of the haul is about to become known. *Right*—It was a good run. Now the salmon must be killed. This is done by a skilful blow on the head. One or two of the fish will be trout, but some of the salmon will weigh up to 15 lb. These pictures were taken on the estuary of the South Esk river in Scotland.

THE END OF A FAMOUS THEATRE

Demolition Gangs Pull Down the St. James's

A LAST GLIMPSE OF THE FAÇADE THROUGH SCAFFOLDING: In spite of many protests, including a demonstration in the House of Lords by Miss Vivien Leigh, the St. James's Theatre is being pulled down to make room for a new block of offices. The theatre was one of the oldest in London, having opened on December 14, 1835, with a performance of *Agnes Sorel*. In the 122 years' history of the St. James's, many famous players and playwrights have been associated with the theatre. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* received its first performance there in 1892 and more recently in 1951 Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh presented a memorable theatrical "double," Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* and Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. For the size of its auditorium the St. James's had a spacious stage. One of its features was a large revolving inner stage, which was some 40 ft. in diameter.

FROM THE GALLERY: The once handsome proscenium arch frames what is left of the stage. The revolving inner stage has been removed. Gone are the red plush orchestra stalls, only rubble and rubbish remain.

"OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED": A workman swings his hammer against the brickwork of the Upper Circle. And the warm scarlet wallpaper is stained by the December rain. *On left*—A last view from the stage of the auditorium open to the sky. In the near future a new block of offices will rise on the theatre's site in King Street, St. James's.

EARTHQUAKES IN PERSIA

Over 1,000 Lives were Lost in a New Outbreak of Tremors

Eye-witness accounts of the fresh earth tremors which shook many parts of north-western Persia paint a grim picture of the plight of the thousands of homeless in the stricken areas. Well over 1,000 people are believed to have lost their lives and hundreds more injured. The areas worst hit were Kurdistan, Hamadan and Kermanshah. Although hindered by bitterly cold weather and deep snow on the ground, rescue teams worked without a stop to recover the bodies from the ruins. The Persian Prime Minister, Dr. Eghbal, ordered relief supplies to be sent out to the afflicted parts and 1,300 tents and 2,200 blankets were distributed. The day after the tremors, the Shah flew from Teheran to make an aerial survey of the desolation. He ordered houses to be built without delay in the twenty-nine villages destroyed. Queen Soraya immediately gave 2,500,000 rials (about £12,000) for an orphanage for victims of the tragedy. Despite the severity of the earthquakes, the Shah did not postpone his five-day State visit to Lebanon.

Below—

COLLECTING WOOD FOR A FIRE : Persian women comb the rubble of a shattered village for wood for a fire. The majority of the homes in the destroyed areas were made of mud. In July of this year more than 1,500 people lost their lives in a series of earthquakes in the Caspian Sea region of Persia.

TENTS FOR THE HOMELESS : They have been erected a short distance away from the ruins of what was once the village of Sarrab. The village was one of twenty-nine completely wiped out by the tremors which shook many parts of western Persia with the loss of many lives.

On right—

SEARCHING FOR THE VICTIMS : Troops sift the debris of shattered homes in their search for victims of the tremors. In many places they were hindered by deep snow and biting winds, the temperature having dropped several degrees below freezing.

THE RESCUE WORK CONTINUES : Soldiers, some of them wearing steel helmets, continue their search for bodies buried beneath piles of rubble. In some places it was necessary for an armed guard to stave off attacks on the homeless by packs of wolves.

TAKING REFUGE IN A COMMUNAL HOME : Blankets hung over poles help to ward off the cold winds. In some of the open-air camps as many as two or three women had to share a single blanket. Lack of food caused additional distress.

The Sphere of Travel

THE SECRET VELD

Some Suggestions for Holidays in Southern Africa

By GORDON COOPER

WHEN my thoughts turn nostalgically to Africa, as they often do, they call up images of the veld—the secret veld. For it was in the vast spaces of this characteristic countryside that I spent many years of my life, roaming around in perfect freedom. It is, therefore, with a certain amount of diffidence that I write this annual article on South Africa, for instead of giving the usual tourist propaganda I feel that I would like to say to intending visitors this piece of sincerely-felt advice : go out and live on the veld, for there you will discover the grandest life possible and an escape, if only for a short time, from the confusing problems of our unnatural civilised life.

The world is full of dogmatic moralists. Nothing is more fatuous than trying to force upon others your own ideas of happiness. So, if I tell you here of my own particular feelings about the veld, it does not follow that they would suit others. That is something the individual must work out for himself.

" Veld " is the general term used in South Africa to denote open country. It is a fairly elastic term and embraces karroo-veld, grass-veld, berg-veld, low-veld, high-veld, and so on. I call it the " secret " veld, for its charms are not offered you on a platter. In times of drought, for instance, the karroo can appear as harsh, repellent and hideous as a basking crocodile, especially when scourged by the mid-day sun; yet, in the rainy season it burgeons into radiant beauty beneath a million, minute and lovely wild flowers. At sunrise and sunset this land can become more gorgeous than the most splendid fabrics woven in the looms of the imagination, while beneath the benign influence of the moonlight it glimmers with the mystical and tender loveliness of fairyland.

Fortunately the tourist attractions of the veld are becoming increasingly recognised, with motels springing into existence and organised coach tours available. In addition, you can rent self-drive cars, also cars with English-speaking driver-couriers, so that you can travel around without thought of having to stick to any fixed schedule.

There are five itineraries which strike me as being specially attractive:

1. Cape to Johannesburg, via Kimberley (4 days).

2. Cape Town to Durban, by the coastal route (10 days).

3. Durban to Johannesburg. There are the choice of two routes, so a circular trip might be considered. One of the itineraries goes through the native territories of Zululand and Swaziland, and visits the Hluhluwe Rhino and Buffalo Game Reserve and the Kruger National Park. The second route passes through the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and continues on to the mountain grandeur of the Drakensberg. Allow 5 days for the northern route, 3 days for the southern.

4. Johannesburg to the Victoria Falls, taking in the Zimbabwe Ruins and Bulawayo (5 days). Having seen most of the world's great waterfalls, I am sure that these imposing ones on the Zambezi are the most impressive of them all, and I cannot believe that anyone will be disappointed with this long journey—a journey, too, which passes through many miles of typical veld country.

From the Victoria Falls, there are several available continuation tours. A few days, for instance, might be spent touring Southern Rhodesia, with an emphasis on the Wankie Game reserve and on the countryside around Inyanga and Umtali. Another extension runs through to Nairobi, by way of the Belgian Congo, Lake Tanganyika, Lake Kivu, the Albert National Park, the Mountains of the Moon, Kampala, the Treetops Hotel, and several other remarkable sights, including a visit to a pygmy village—the pygmies, by the way, have realised their commercial value with tourists, and they are by no means a simple, little people.

Two firms running these tours are Springbok Safaris (Johannesburg) and African Car Hire (Head Office in Cape Town, and branches in Johannesburg and Durban). But you could get full particulars and make any desired bookings through certain travel agents in Britain, notably Cook's, for they have their own branch offices in South and East Africa.

It is not possible to indicate prices, for these vary considerably according to the number of passengers travelling. Travel is certainly much cheaper in South Africa and Rhodesia than in Central Africa, especially the Congo, and where money is an important consideration, tourists should consider spending more time in South Africa and terminating their tour at the Victoria Falls or returning to Johannesburg or Cape Town, possibly by train. Obviously excessive travel by car can become exhausting.

If time, money and a reasonably strong constitution allow, the Grand Tour from Johannesburg to Nairobi represents one of the most interesting journeys in the world and a unique travel experience. It really covers all the highlights of South, Central and East Africa.

On the other hand, if your time is short in South Africa or if you want more leisurely travel, then I recommend the coastal trip between Cape Town and Durban, thence on to Johannesburg, preferably giving the route by the game reserves priority. From Johannesburg you could return to Cape Town either by air or by the very comfortable Blue Train. At the same time, do not miss the Victoria Falls, for you can arrange to fly there and back from Johannesburg.

All these sightseeing tours suggest a somewhat strenuous holiday. Remember, however, that from April until August it is the South African winter, and climatic conditions are delightful. It is rare that any rain falls during this period, and the sun shines almost certainly every day with a possible chilliness after dark. At times you will b

THE START OF A VOYAGE FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO BRITAI Mail Steamship Company Limited, is seen leaving The city lies on the shore of Table Bay at the foot of Ta popular services to South African ports is that provid

RIDING IN ON THE CREST OF THE WAVES : Surfing is a popular pastime at Central Beach, Durban, in South Africa. This city of half-a-million inhabitants is on the Indian Ocean, and has several large beaches within easy reach of the city centre, as well as a large harbour. Durban also has a first-rate golf course.

SCOTLAND, AMERICA AND EUROPE

At the Edinburgh Festival next year twelve new ballets, under the title of *Ballets Premières*, will be given. The company will consist of famous international dancers who are soloists in their own right. There is also news of German and Spanish opera, which will be presented by the Stuttgart State Opera, together with a company of Spanish artists, specially brought together in Madrid. Fifteen performances of a repertory will be given. Two important art exhibitions will also be features of the 1958 Edinburgh Festival. At the Royal Scottish Museum the Byzantine will include priceless exhibits from Russia and Turkey. At the Royal Scottish Academy there is to be an exhibition of the Moltzau Collection, which largely consists of paintings by the French impressionists, and moderns.

The prospects of a holiday next year in North America, either in the United States or Canada, have been made much brighter by the announcement that a new economic class of air travel will be introduced across the North Atlantic from April 1. For £162 return you will be able to fly from London to New York, but the conditions will necessarily be simple. Seating space will undoubtedly be restricted and refreshments will only consist of sandwiches and soft drinks. Nevertheless, it will mean that many more people will now be able to consider visiting relations and friends or spending from a week to a month on a sightseeing tour.

From May 30, 1958, a new cross-Channel car ferry, the motor-vessel *Compiègne* will be put into service for French Railways. This additional space for 164 cars to cross the Channel relieves the situation considerably in July and August. The rates for cars and the fares for passengers will be the same as for other car ferries which ply between Dover and Boulogne. Reservations can be made at certain travel agencies and, of course, at Victoria Station.

W. D. C. C.

The s.s. *Pretoria Castle*, a 28,705-ton vessel of the Union-Castle harbour at Cape Town carrying holidaymakers back to Britain. Table Mountain, seen in the background. Another of the most modern Ellerman Lines' luxurious passenger-cargo "City" liners.

travelling at considerable altitudes—Johannesburg stands at nearly 6,000 ft. above sea-level, Bulawayo at 4,600 ft.—so bear this in mind, should your health be affected by heights.

Apart from those persons who have to consider their health, there are others who would prefer a fairly leisurely holiday. The various coastal resorts between Cape Town and Durban are admirable, with a good choice of hotels. Worth noting are the first-rate golf courses to be found at Cape Town, George, Port Elizabeth and Durban. Altogether, there are over 300 golf courses in South Africa, although some of them are rather curious. I remember, for instance, playing on the course at Windhoek (South-West Africa), where rocks, boulders and stones constituted the major hazards. There was, however, a unique rule for dealing with these—you just removed your ball after any stroke, without penalty. Otherwise no one would ever have got round the course and remained sane. Sometimes, too, a shot would hit a boulder point-blank, ricochet off, occasionally passing close to one's head like a bullet, and finally land a hundred yards behind the tee. I use the past tense about this particular course, for I imagine a new one may have been constructed since I lived in that part of the world.

This is the seventh article written by me on South Africa which has appeared in these pages. A consistent reader has just reminded me that on no occasion have I referred in past years to the excellent fishing opportunities which are available. My lapse is undoubtedly due to my not being an angler, otherwise I feel sure I would not have been so remiss. But, of course, on the South African coastline—2,500 miles of sandy beaches and great stretches of rock—almost all fishing stories are true. There are, in fact, more than 1,000 different kinds of marine fishes which have been classified in local waters, and of these there are fifty or sixty that the angler can hook.

Most famous of all fishing spots in South Africa is Hermanus, which is ninety miles from Cape Town. Chief among the many varieties that may be caught here are: the kabeljou, the red and white stumpnose and the galjoen. The kabeljou runs to great size. Fish of over 100 lb. are not unusual and there have been 150-pounders.

There is good fishing all round the ninety miles of coastline that make the Cape Peninsula virtually an island.

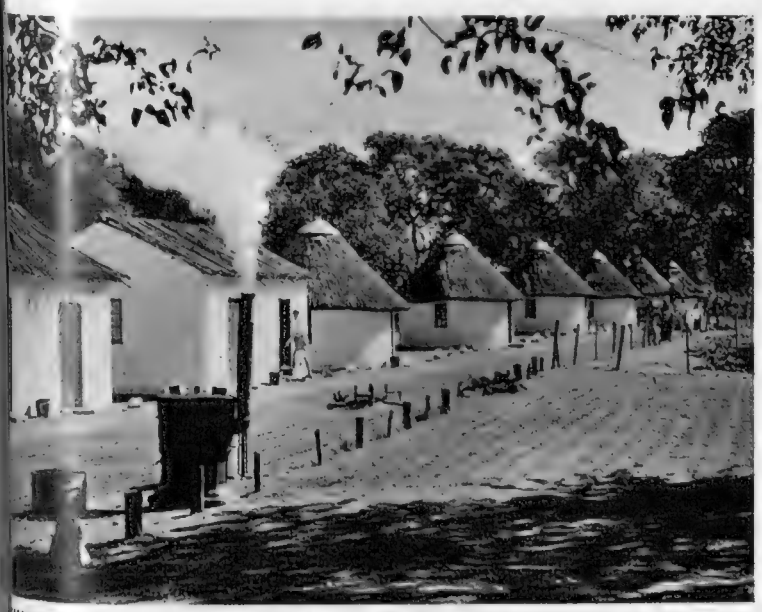
STROLLERS IN THE EVENING SUN AT SEA POINT: This western suburb of the South African capital, Cape Town, can be reached in a few minutes by trolleybus from the city centre. Among seaside attractions at Sea Point is the largest swimming-pool south of the Equator. Sea Point is also a popular residential district.

Port Elizabeth is another excellent fishing resort, while at East London there is the headquarters of South African kite fishing—mainly for sharks. Sharks of 2,000 lb. and more have been landed from the rocks. When you reach the Natal coast you are in sub-tropical waters, where again there are sharks—game sand sharks, magnificent fighters. But there are also other kinds of fish. For an extra piece of excitement, the fisherman who goes north to Zululand will get excellent sport at the resort of St. Lucia, with hippopotami abounding; but they do not molest boats or anglers.

For the trout-fisherman there are hundreds of miles of trout streams, where various indigenous fish are also to be found. Conditions for fresh-water fishing are best in the Western Province of the Cape, Natal and the Transvaal. But for more detailed information I would refer you to the *Angler's Guide and Fishing Record for Southern Africa*, which is published annually by Specialist Publications, 17, Bree Street, Cape Town. There is, however, a U.K. representative: Anthony Fetherston, 17, Conduit Street, London, W.1. Then, for general travel information concerning the Union of South Africa, apply to the South African Tourist Corporation, 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

ADDITIONAL USEFUL ADDRESSES

British Overseas Airways Corporation, 75, *Regent Street*, *W.*1
Union Castle Line, 19, *Old Bond Street*, *W.*1
Ellerman Lines, 29, *Cockspur Street*, *S.W.*1



CAMPING IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK: Letaba camp is one of the most popular camping sites in South Africa. Visitors can remain there up to four days while exploring the vicinity. The brick huts, some of which are circular, have thatched roofs. Water is boiled in the containers outside the huts.

HOLIDAYS IN NORTH AFRICA

As there is some doubt in many persons' minds about present tourist conditions in North Africa, the following brief notes may be useful.

MOROCCO (including Tangier). A perfectly safe country in which to travel. In fact, there is an active drive to attract more tourists to this truly enchanting land. All the well-known hotels are operating in Marrakesh, Fez, Rabat, and in the coastal resorts. The Moroccan Tourist Office (22, Hans Place, S.W.1) can answer enquiries.

ALGERIA. Hardly to be recommended at present.

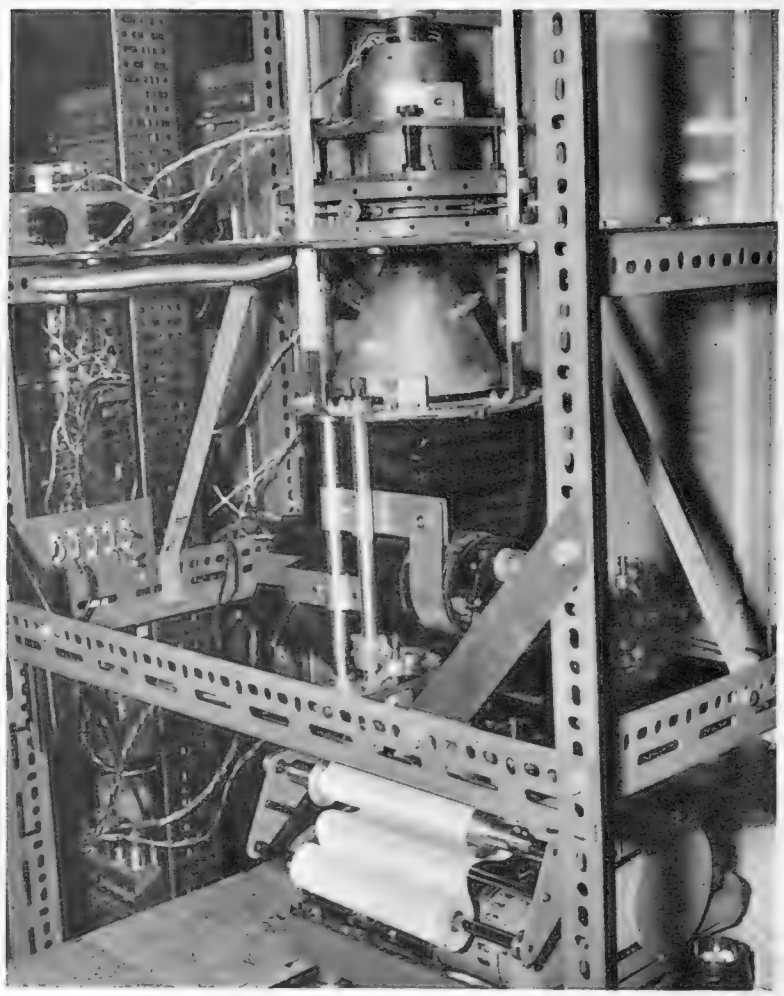
TUNISIA. Conditions in this country are perfectly stable, and there is first-class hotel accommodation available. Possibly, the tourist should not lodge too close to the Algerian frontier, which rules out the delectable oasis of Nefta, but not, I think, Tozeur—an ideal spot to get right out of our modern world. The same might be said of the island of Djerba, but it has only modest hotel accommodation. Tunis makes an excellent excursion centre for Carthage, Dougga, Kairouan, etc. If you want to be beside the sea, there is Hammamet (under two hours from Tunis by train). For further information, apply to the O.F.I.T.E.C., Tunis, which also arranges circular tours. Back's Travel Service (56, Coram Street, W.C.1) is a recommended travel agent for booking accommodation, etc.

BRITAIN'S INSTRUMENT INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

NOBODY quite knows how the human brain recognises shapes—say the difference between three and five—but the human brain can still think out a practical way for a machine to do the same. In the instrument industry, one is constantly being struck by the fact that mechanical perception, whatever its limits, is a good deal better understood than human—by humans.

A machine called ERA, after the alphabetical habit of machines (the letters stand for Electronic Reading Automaton), was allowed to demonstrate early this year how it could read typewritten figures. It used a cathode ray tube scanning device of which the "eye" darted at fantastic speed back and forth across the letter, relating this to a grid rather like the reference framework on a motoring map. The amount of black and white that it encountered in the various grid squares of the figure area, compared against possible configurations built into its own mechanical memory, enabled it to identify one figure from another. If the figure was typed badly and was partly obliterated or not printed, the machine could have a good try at guessing what it was from the marks that had registered. Figures, however, were its first kindergarten primer; elaboration of the grid system and of the logical circuitry behind it would eventually enable it to read fairly bad letterpress printing or typing. It does not yet aspire to read handwriting.



THE PILOT MODEL OF A SERIES OF ELECTRONIC READING MACHINES TO READ UP TO 500 CHARACTERS PER SECOND : A rear view of the scanning device showing the cathode ray tube and photo-electric cell of the Solartron Electronic Automaton. An electric typewriter reproduces characters previously typed and read by the ERA. *On right*—A cathode ray oscilloscope checks faults in the wiring of the "Memory Logic System" of the machine, developed by the Solartron Electronic Group Ltd.

A perceptive machine like this may have some useful analogies to offer the psychologist; but it was built neither for pure research nor as a piece of electronic virtuosity. It was required for a very specific job: to produce instructions for another machine, the electronic computer. A computer carries out its tremendous calculations at tremendous speed: a great deal faster, in particular, than a trained man can tap out instructions for it on punched or magnetic tape from a page of printed words and figures. The bottleneck, in computing, has always so far been the speed at which its band of attendants can keep the vast electronic abacus supplied with sums to do.

ERA's job was to replace such an operator. Within its limit it can read much faster than a man; and it can put down the information on to tape or other medium of communication that a computer wants, with more speed than a human operator. Its capital and running costs seem likely to be cheaper than the team of tape operators it replaces—taking account of the more steady utilisation that it may allow for the whole computer installation. Since its makers, Solartron Electronic Group Ltd., of Thames Ditton, exhibited their first prototype early this year, they have had 450 inquiries from all over the world from companies using electronic data-processing equipment: the Boots Pure Drug Company has ordered the first machine, and contracts are being negotiated for development of ERA in the United States.

What kind of a company, and what kind of an industry, is going to develop equipment such as this? It will clearly need a steady supply of new ideas, from a highly-trained and lively-minded staff. In practice, a director of Solartron told a business conference this autumn, that has never been a difficulty: "the real problem is sorting out of every hundred ideas the four or five which will fit in best with the technical personnel, the production facilities, the sales facilities and the capital available at each phase of expansion." This is light but extremely precise engineering. Development may not require a huge investment in tooling, but it will tie up a substantial amount of working capital before the new type of instrument—presuming the board has backed a winner—begins to bring in any money.

Solartron, it would appear, has backed a large number of winners. In June 1950, it was employing about eighteen people with a turnover of about £1,500 a month; in the 1956-57 report that it published this month, it recorded sales of more than £100,000 a month. That seventy-fold expansion in seven years was quite coolly planned. The firm began by concentrating on producing some new electronic instruments of its own design; two years later it deliberately brought in men of high calibre in marketing and finance and expanded operations to a size that would justify them. The rate of growth has been evident on the side of productivity and profits, too. This is small quantity production of a highly varied range of instruments, costing from £300 to £100,000; not easy to organise for efficiency. But Solartron has managed to increase its output per employee by more than five times during its short history. Its gross margin on sales is continuing to increase. But a company of this size—it employs about 650 people now, with a turnover of about £1,250,000—which continues to invest £150,000 a year in the development of new products is clearly having to conserve its resources.

Solartron is not typical of the instrument industry; no firm as successful as this is ever typical. There are said to be some 400 companies making scientific instruments of one kind and another; 300 of them are very small indeed. All of them, like Solartron, will probably plough a very large proportion of their resources into research and development; some of them, indeed, consist of little more than one or two highly inventive personalities with a number of good ideas and varying degrees of ability to translate these into commercial production. Quite a number have never achieved the crucial step of bringing business acumen in to supplement the technical ingenuity of their founders.

Accurate measurement is almost the main stock-in-trade of the instrument manufacturer; but none of them in Britain, it might be observed, have ever managed to measure their own industry accurately. When one realises that the definition covers a scalpel and a mass spectrograph, this is not perhaps surprising; in fact, there are really several different small industries overlapping here, with some big companies in more than one of them and several major producers, such as the instrument departments of the big electrical companies and more recently of the aircraft companies, having their main business in wholly different fields. The turnover of the "scientific instrument industries" is officially put at about £95,000,000 a year, of which some £20,000,000 worth goes overseas for export; but this definition, unfortunately, also manages to take in all optical and photographic apparatus. The instrument industries alone probably employ about 50,000 people, with a turnover of the order of £60,000,000 or so a year.

Traditionally, the main business of this industry is the supply of measuring equipment for industry—meters and gauges and recording equipment—plus research apparatus for laboratories. A large amount of this equipment is pneumatic, hydraulic, and electrical. But of recent years the fastest-growing element in the instrument market has been the demand for instruments that not only measure performance of industrial equipment but control that performance; and a growing amount of this control gear tends to make use of the valves or transistors that are the building bricks of electronics. There is a great deal of competition between instruments of differing types: in the process industries such as chemicals and oil, there is no doubt that the majority of the equipment still is pneumatic or hydraulic, while some of the purely electrical controls developed by British companies are exceptionally good. But electronic apparatus offers the control engineer, who now takes instrumentation into mind during the initial design of new plant, a much faster response, and greater ease of maintenance. The development of control equipment that comes in separate units which can be replaced simply by plugging in another little "black box" is one of the advantages of electronics.

A great deal has been written about automation in recent years; gradually some fairly real examples of it are appearing in British industry. But this is comparatively seldom a matter of somebody putting up a new "automatic factory." Much more often it is the steady development of more and more instrumentation in existing plant, or new equipment of standard types. It is in this development, in consultation with the plant manufacturer and the eventual industrial user, that the instrument companies are making their main contribution to practical development of automation. The visionary ideas, for the moment, are for the most part just round the corner; but when the time comes the instrument manufacturers will not be short of them.

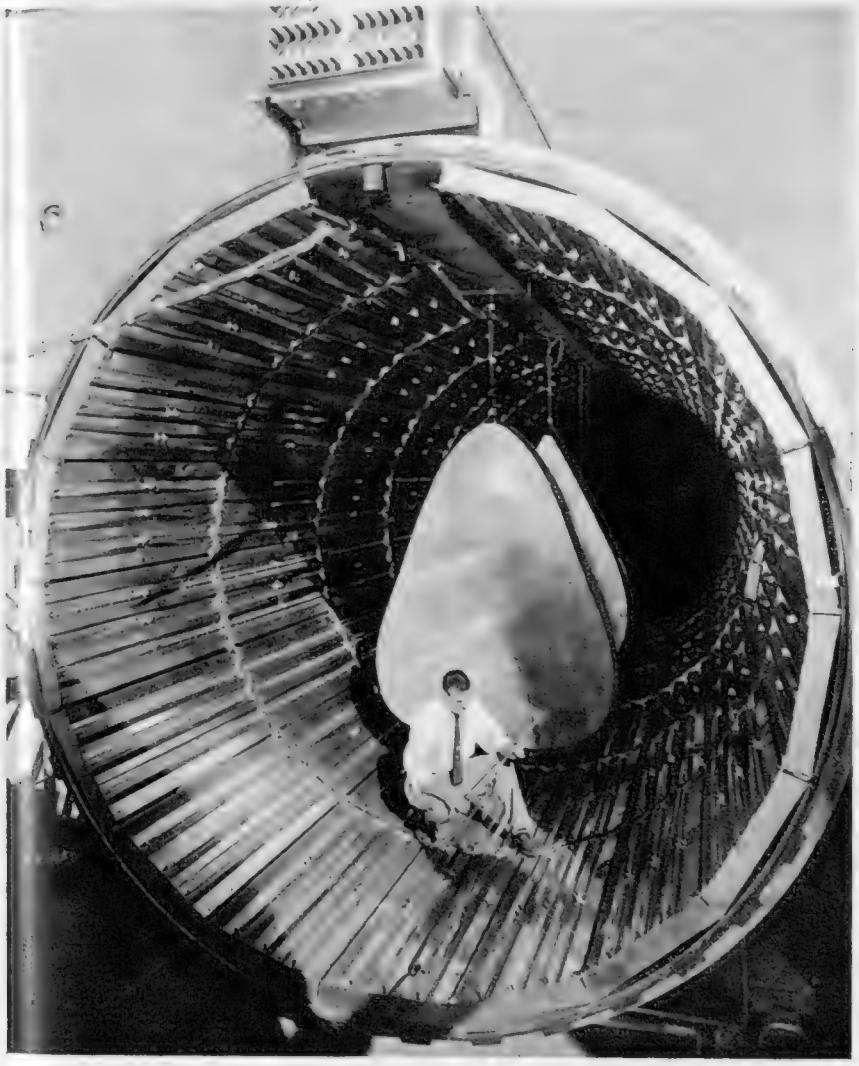
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A PIPE BRIDGE FOR INCREASING VIENNA'S GAS SUPPLY

To increase the supply of natural gas to Vienna and lower Austria, the Austrian Mineral Oil Organisation authorised the construction of this remarkable pipe bridge across the Danube. The concrete bases have been built on the banks of the river and unusual methods have been adopted in its construction. Gas will be piped over the bridge from Zwerndorf to gas works at Simmering and from there on to industrial works in Vienna.

NEW MEANS OF OIL TRANSPORTATION IN GERMANY

A plastic container filled with mineral oil is taken in tow by a tug in Hamburg harbour, West Germany, during the first public demonstration of a new means of oil transportation. The demonstration was watched by crude oil experts and importers, who were favourably impressed when, to check the strength of the plastic material, a number of boats rammed the container without damaging it. It has been suggested that tugs could tow at least one container capable of carrying 20,000 tons of oil or four smaller ones each filled with 4,000 tons of oil. The larger plastic container costs about one-tenth of the price of a tanker capable of carrying the same amount of oil.



VACUUM CHAMBER FOR SIMULATING HIGH SPEED HEAT

The pictures reproduced *above* and *on right* are of the new cylindrical vacuum test chamber which has recently been installed at the San Diego branch of the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation. The picture *above* shows a technician fixing equipment in the interior of the chamber while *on right* the view is of the section which is mounted on wheels so that it can be rolled away from the fixed half on a track. The chamber has been designed to accommodate the entire fuselage of the company's F-106A Delta Dart all-weather jet interceptors which are powered by Pratt and Whitney J-75 turbo-jet engines with afterburner. Altitudes up to 100,000 ft. and temperatures from aerodynamic heating at speeds up to Mach 3 (830 deg. F.) can be simulated in the chamber, which has been built under contract for the United States Air Force.

A GIANT FLOATING EXCAVATOR

At Moravia, in Czechoslovakia, men are fixing the final pieces of equipment to the largest chain bucket floating excavator ever built in the country. It has taken several months to build the excavator but it is hoped it will be in use before the end of this year. Known as the V-100, it has a length of over one hundred feet, a width of over twenty feet and weighs 140 tons. The new machine has its own power station, an auxiliary diesel alternator and a crane of 1½ tons for exchanging buckets on the bow.

The World of Books

THE NEXT 100 YEARS

Three Scientists Look Ahead; The Spell of Canada and the Work of the "Mounties"; Naval War on the Seas and Below them; Some Engaging New Novels

IN an island such as ours, which has already consumed a large part of its fossil resources and its wealth of coal in building up its past and maintaining its present structure, the pace of economic and technological development is of more than academic interest. What sort of world are we going to be living in twenty-five, fifty, one hundred years hence? Harrison Brown, James Bonner, and John Weir, all three of them master minds from the California Institute of Technology, have set about answering the problem in simple language. THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is a thought-provoking book. The authors want to be sure that the earth's sources of food, raw materials and energy are adequate for a wholly industrialised world, and they look to far horizons in search of the solution. Whether the sort of answers they seek are the right answers is quite another matter; it may be that this vast preoccupation with things scientific to the exclusion of the things of the spirit is the greatest heresy of our age. Messrs. Brown, Bonner and Weir, for all their scientific background, are not necessarily guilty in this respect, and they focus attention on a new highly-industrialised world grimly imperilling world resources and taxing world resourcefulness. The authors even go so far as to say that the future depends on man's ability to get along with man, that our first aim is really the enriching, enlarging, improving and mobilising of our intellectual forces. It seems, indeed, that these technologists have come full circle, and that they are no more certain than the rest of us that largely technological concentration means world salvation.

A SURREALIST PAINTER AND AN EXPENSIVE BOOK: At an exhibition in Paris Salvador Dali puts his signature to a new edition of *Don Quixote*. It has been illustrated with twelve lithographs. The first copy, printed on parchment and accompanied by a number of the original Dali water-colours, has been sold for £8,330. The cheapest copies will be sold for about £79.

Whether you look at the Canada of to-day or yesterday it casts its own unique spell upon the beholder. One who has been thus spellbound is John Stafford Gowland who, in *Smoke Over Sikanaska*, told his tales of the men of the Rockies, the forest rangers, the lumbermen, the trappers and miners. His book was full of unusual adventure and excitement. Impelled by the same sense is his RETURN TO CANADA (Werner Laurie. 18s.). This time, on a modest budget of a few hundred dollars, he has crossed the Continent from Halifax to Vancouver and travelled north over the great Alaskan Highway to Fairbanks and Circle. The author covered nearly 13,000 miles; often he went vast distances without seeing a soul. It is then that the magic is upon him, and upon us, too, through his lucid and delightful writing.

The making of modern Canada, the bringing of the hinterland into the orbit of civilisation, owes much to the Canadian Mounted Police. In THE LIVING LEGEND (Cassell. 18s.) Alan Phillips tells the real story, taking a proper pride in the legend, but judiciously separating much that is over-romantic from the basic truth about this vital force. The most remarkable aspect of the Mounties is the fact that in a force in which rigid discipline is the keyword, initiative of the highest order still resides. If one can explain this, one can explain the legend of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The mysterious current which comes to Europe from the cauldrons of the West Indies, namely the Gulf Stream, is the subject of a new and most important book. It is the artery of Western civilisation, and from this standpoint Hans Leip in his remarkable volume surveys its course and its influence. THE GULF STREAM STORY (Jarrolds. 21s.) has been translated from the German by H. A. Piehler and K. Kirkness. The author is not afraid to dogmatise; much that he says may well be open to some argument, but he is a persuasive writer. He exerts every effort to show just what he thinks this artery really means to modern civilisation; we can be grateful both for his learning and for his lucid exposition.

Here is one book written by the coxswain of a submarine who served with distinction in the Mediterranean theatre of war, and another by a naval rating who was with the Mediterranean Fleet from 1942 to 1944. The coxswain's story is that of Charles Anscomb who, in SUBMARINER (William Kimber. 18s.), gives an enthralling, if by no means inviting, picture of life in the confined machinery-choked living space of an active service submarine. When finally sent to the bottom by an Italian destroyer Coxswain Anscomb and twenty-two of his companions survived and became P.O.W.s, Anscomb himself escaping in due time to play his part as a trainer of submariners, frogmen and underwater commandos. The rating's story is that of Ronald Sired, an able seaman when his story begins in 1942 and a petty officer at the exceptionally early age of twenty-two when it ends. He calls it ENEMY ENGAGED (William Kimber. 18s.), and the title is fair enough, for in the first nineteen months of his experience he is aboard H.M.S. *Euryalus*, one of Admiral Vian's famous Fighting Fifteenth. He was then drafted to the destroyer *Laforey*, in which he was shipwrecked in March 1944. Sired had a bird's-eye view from the gunnery control of these ships of many operations.

There are still new worlds to conquer, and they do not all lie in outer space. We remain deeply ignorant of the world beneath the waves. Only by degrees, with the aid of modern techniques in breathing apparatus, are we exploring it. Arthur C. Clarke is one of these underwater adventurers. His last book dealt with *The Coast of Coral*, the product of a successful expedition to the Great Barrier Reef off Eastern Australia. Now, in THE REEFS OF TAPROBANE (Frederick Muller. 25s.), he takes us exploring beneath the romantic seas of Ceylon. Here he investigated a 3,000-year-old Hindu temple lying on the ocean bed and has brought back a series of remarkable photographs. Many of them are in colour and they give a vivid impression of the fantastic life that goes on amid the tropical reefs of the Indian Ocean.

With the neatest style, an admirable economy of phrase, an out-of-the-ordinary sense of humour, Joan Gerstad, Australian-born, tells how she followed her Norwegian husband to New Guinea, there to find herself in a wildly beautiful land and almost completely isolated. THE JUNGLE WAS OUR HOME (Allen and Unwin. 15s.) is a fine piece of writing which stems from a very real experience. Now it all lies in the past. Her husband came through the holocaust of Rabaul and the invasion of New Britain, turning up penniless and starved in Cairns, Queensland, after an escape fit to be placed with the old Viking legends. As for Mrs. Gerstad, she reports that she has three grey hairs, her child Tiggy has a little sister, and "we live in Norway."

When Dame Beatrice Adela Lestrange Bradley visits the volcanic island of Hombres Muertos for a holiday she finds various slightly unbalanced people staying in her hotel, each seemingly engaging in some nefarious activity camouflaged by a respectable façade. With this not unpromising start Gladys Mitchell embarks upon her novel, THE TWENTY-THIRD MAN (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.). This is apparently her twenty-fourth attempt to give pleasure to the detective-reading public. Needless to say, she does not fail us.

Augusta Walker's THE EATING VALLEY (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a novel with a Spanish setting of a small hilltop town with a large problem. Augusta Walker writes well, and do not be deceived for one moment by the apparently naïve simplicity of her style.

The blunders of a general in the Western Desert, gross unforgivable blunders they seemed at the time, prompt James Aldridge to his latest novel I WISH HE WOULD NOT DIE (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Aldridge is always fascinating in his detail and there is an air of authority about his writing. The misdeeds of General "Bloody" Church will not be readily forgotten.

Richard Edmonds.

It has been said that Freud's great contribution to human progress was to make doctors read *Hamlet*. Certainly the modern psychiatrist has to practise an art as much as a science, for often it is only through imagination and intuition that he can come to understand his patients' troubles. Dr. Henry Yellowlees is one of the most distinguished living practitioners of psychiatry. Some of his more technical publications are standard works for students. But Dr. Yellowlees has also the talent of writing intelligibly, but not superficially, for the general reader. His latest book in this genre is FRAMES OF MIND (Kimber. 25s.). The chapters can be taken singly or in groups as essays upon particular aspects of his profession. The meaning of delusions and "split mind"; the approach to forensic medicine and problems of the law; marital and sex relations; shell-shock and war strains. These are some of the subjects upon which he discourses from his profound experience. The latter part of the book contains valuable sections on the treatment of children (these should be compulsory reading for parents) and the present situation in psychiatry. Throughout the volume every page is stamped with a rare wisdom.

The majority of works on antiques tend to be for experts and are therefore formidable and esoteric to laymen. Gil Thomas has remedied this in ANTIQUES IN YOUR HOME (Arthur Barker. 15s.), which he sub-titles *A Book for the Small Collector*. It is a delight to learn of how he came to appreciate antiques and of his searches for furniture, pictures, books, porcelain, glassware and much else. Mr. Thomas is not writing for the wealthy collector but for the ordinary person with a slender purse who, like himself, has a genuine love of old things. He is completely lacking in any pretensions, freely admits his mistakes in making some of his purchases and always has a light and humorous touch.

MENTAL HEALTH

Psychiatry for the General Reader

Little more than thirty miles from the centre of London lie the Chiltern Hills. Although the outskirts of the "Great Wen" now encroach on parts of the range, there are still considerable areas where one can find that glorious solitude which makes Piccadilly and Oxford Street seem to belong to another continent. PORTRAIT OF THE CHILTERNS, by Annan Dickson (Hale. 18s.), is much more than an ordinary guidebook. It contains histories of towns and villages and information about them to-day, anecdotes of the great men who have lived in them, and constant reminders of the footpaths, which are usually well-signposted and enable one to walk on hills and through woods far from the sounds of road traffic. The way to discover the Chilterns is on foot and the many splendid pictures alone must make even the most decrepit of us want to reach for his stick and pair of stout shoes.

The hulks anchored in rivers and in docks and used as gaols were one of the horrifying features of the latter part of the eighteenth century and for a good deal of the nineteenth. The story of how they were organised, of the lives led by the inmates of these "Hells on Earth" and of the eventual reform and abolition of the system has been collected for the first time by W. Branch-Johnson in THE ENGLISH PRISON HULKS (Christopher Johnson. 18s.). It is a most useful contribution to serious, and readable, history. The author rightly shows that the hulks came into being because of the loss of the American Colonies and therefore the end of England's right to transport criminals there. Perhaps he could have made more of the fact that it was the overcrowding of the hulks in the 1780's which caused Lord Sydney to start new transportations—to Australia and thus found what is now a great member of the Commonwealth.

A somewhat querulous introduction which alleges that the Press and critics were unfair to the Old Vic opens SHAKESPEARE AT THE OLD VIC, Vol. 4, by Mary Clarke (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.). It is the latest addition to the series commemorating the theatre's Five Year Plan to produce all the plays of Shakespeare and deals with the fourth year of the cycle. Each of the nine plays concerned has its own section with many pictures and much textual explanation of what the drama is about, the intention of the particular production and the interpretations of the various players.

There are certain publications which are more than books, they are national institutions. WHITAKER'S ALMANACK is one of them and the 1958 edition is now available. Anyone in the slightest degree concerned with public affairs cannot be without this reference book. There are the usual three editions: Complete Edition, cloth boards, 18s. 6d.; Shorter Edition, paper bound, 10s.; and the Library Edition, bound in leather with coloured maps, 35s.

C. D.

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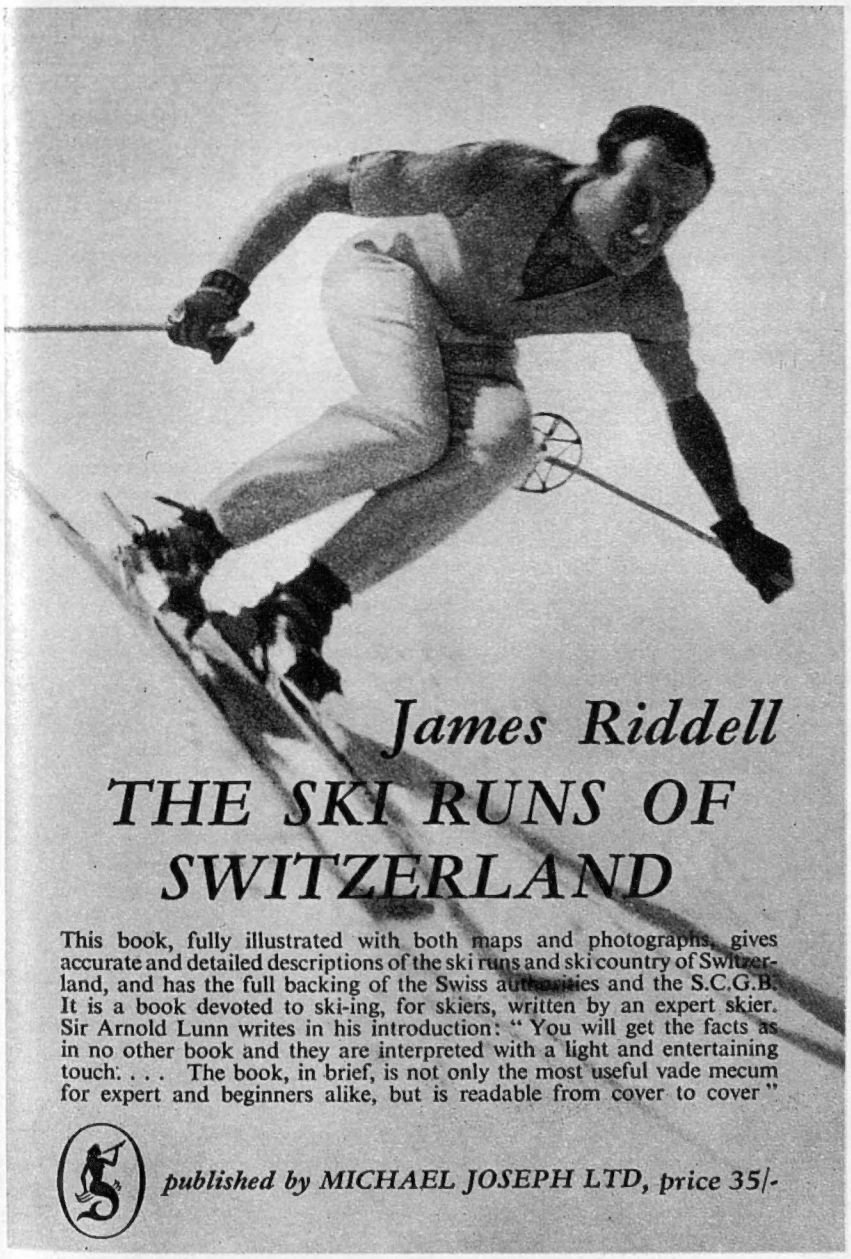

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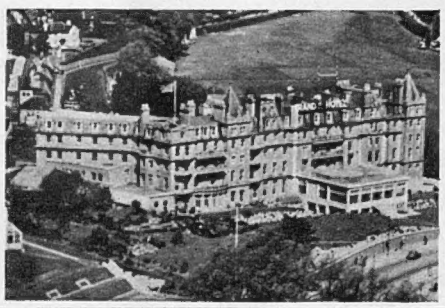

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THE WARMEST PLACE IN BRITAIN on November 25, 1957, was Aberdeen, and the temperature at Nice was only one degree higher. How the blood of a certain Scottish television weather forecaster must have warmed as he heard the news!

To me Aberdeen's achievement was of interest because it proved again that the temperature in Britain can be shamefully mercurial and at times has little regard for month or district.

Those of us who cannot afford the time or the money to go to, say, the West Indies, must prepare for the fickle months that lie ahead, and though we cannot imitate hedgehogs and curl up in some leaves, we can learn from them that warmth within is infinitely more important than the vagaries of weather without.

I see no reason why those who are compelled to live in hotels during the winter months should be either uncomfortable or cold, yet I am appalled at times to see how miserable hotel residents can be, sometimes it is their own misfortune for not being able to realise how hotel costs have gone up, but sometimes the fault lies in not being able to locate an hotel where winter residents are *really* catered for and made welcome.

I have written before of Sidmouth; so I will only say again, it is brimful of good hotels, of varying calibre and of varying price, and the weather is so mild on the whole in winter, that the day Aberdeen stole a march on her, Sidmouth must have been having a little sleep.

Nor am I going to say much about resorts such as Bournemouth, Torquay or St. Leonards. Their claims as winter resorts are too well known, but if you want first-hand knowledge on warm and cosy hotels write to me, and I will do my best to suggest hotels where you can fend off winter's ills.

What I do propose to do is to tell you of places taken here and there at random where I know I could be sure, had I to face the problem, of wintering warmly and congenially.

My first thought is Moor Court Hotel at Amberley, near Stroud. Though high up, with splendid views over the Severn Valley, it is as warm as the proverbial trivet. Here, due to its warmth, comfort and delicious food which Mrs. B. H. England, the resident owner, puts on, a most friendly atmosphere is evident.

Although some people hanker for the attractions of a town there is no doubt about it that many of our country-house hotels are better equipped to withstand the worst that winter can provide than town hotels, whose one line of defence may be central heating.

The Manor House Hotel, Castle Combe, in Wiltshire, is a good example of what I mean. The original owners were doubtless fond of hunting, as evidenced by the stables which are still in use, so what more natural than that they could be sure of a roaring log fire on their return, a hot bath, and let the wind whistle without. To-day, as an hotel, the tradition remains, and apart from excellent food and wine there is always the certainty of a game of bridge in the evenings.

As I get quite a number of enquiries about bridge, another hotel where bridge players are especially welcome is Great Tree Hotel, near Chagford, which is a bungalow-type of house nestling on the edge of a combe with lovely terraced gardens and views extending over towards Dartmoor. It is a very cosy house, centrally heated throughout, and providing excellent country fare.

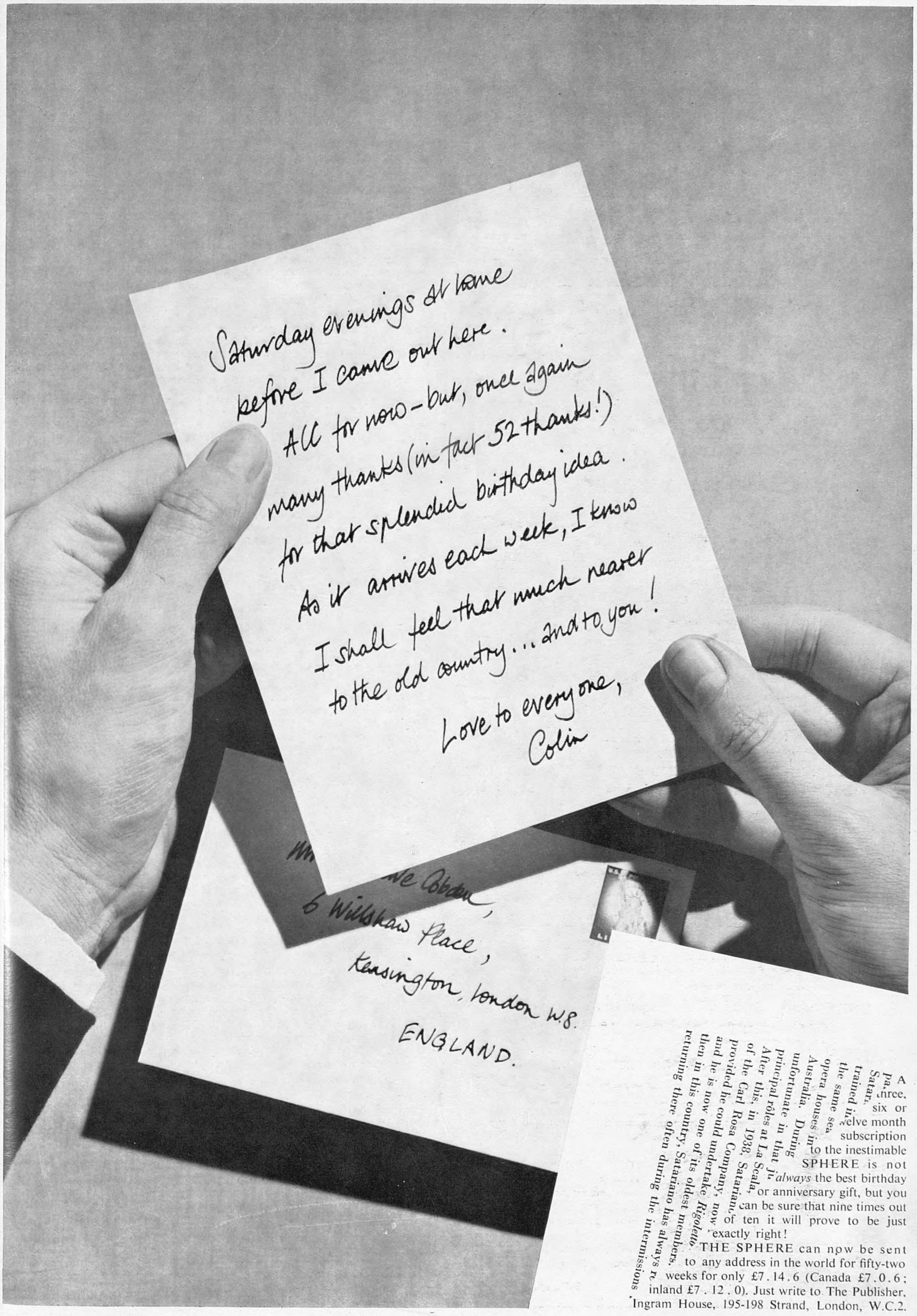
Perhaps you would prefer the attractions of the country, views over the sea and the town within five minutes' walk. It sounds rather impracticable, but it isn't. Northfield, at Minehead, is the answer, and if you can get in there during these next few months count yourself fortunate. It is a lovely house, with a sense of goodness and gracefulness quietly apparent. Personally run by its owner, Mrs. M. R. Clarkson, and her partner Mrs. Ratcliffe, they can be congratulated on many points, including having had the same chef since the hotel was opened some fifteen years ago.

When the subject of residential hotels crops up, Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge, must come into the picture. Whenever I revisit this 150-bedroom hotel I never cease to wonder at the value provided, whether it is a single room or a suite. Of course, as in all hotels which have a high proportion of residents, there will be the grumblers, but they stay on, in spite of "things not being so good as they were," for they must know that Oatlands Park Hotel still, as always, is quite exceptional in all that the directorate provide.

Living in the south I have to guard myself against ignoring the many comfortable hotels in the North that have developed a flourishing winter trade. Take, for example, the Russell Hotel, Harrogate, where they are never at a loss for visitors. The secret? the very personal touch of the Misses Bown, the comfort, the warmth, the friendly environment and a most pleasant staff.

Who in the south would think of wintering in Scarborough? Yet you will find plenty who do at Red Lea Hotel, on Scarborough's South Cliff. Sheltered from the north and east, facing full south, it is an absolute sun-trap, and so good is the food and bracing the air that there is a regular gold rush when the gong sounds. Yes, you hardy North Country people need to have no qualms about the winter, at the Russell or the Red Lea.

Another favourite among Yorkshire and Lancashire folk is Graythwaite Manor at Grange-over-Sands, over 300 miles and more from, say, Bournemouth, but probably on the aggregate warmer! The answer is that it lies full south entirely sheltered from the north and east by the Lakeland mountains and Yorkshire hills.



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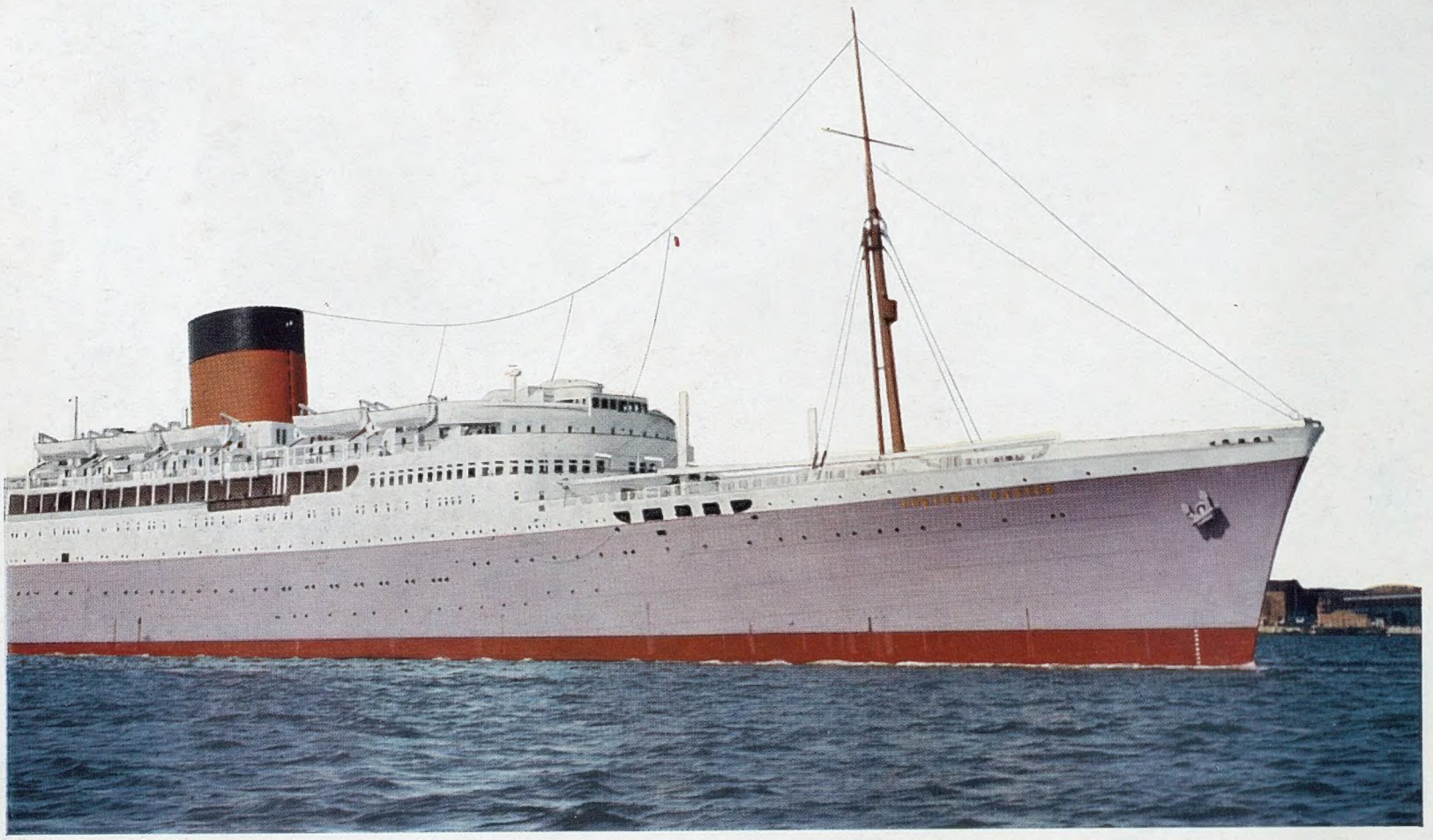

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